

OCTOBER
1949

ALASKA'S MAGAZINE

25¢

The Alaska Sportsman



By Thumb to Alaska

By Herbert Evans McLean

The Guide Post

What to do...Where to go...How
to get there...in Alaska

GO PLACES IN SCENIC SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA WITH ELLIS AIR LINES



SINCE 1936

Totem Land . . . Land of mountains, fjords, glaciers, picturesque Indian lore, fascinating sights on every side, Camera Land, Vacation Land, Salmon Fishing, Hunting for giant Brown Bears. And, for the business man, a prosperous land. See more, go more, do more . . . with Ellis Air Lines' fast, modern, dependable service.



Abundant game for camera or gun

CHARTERS . . .

anywhere, anytime for tourist pleasure, hunting, fishing, business.

DAILY SERVICE . . .

regular daily scheduled flights to all important places.

FREE FOLDER . . .

How to see more and do more. Colorful, illustrated. Contains map. Write for your copy.

BOX 1059—KETCHIKAN, ALASKA



ALASKA GUIDE AND CHARTER SERVICE

We Specialize in Spring and Fall Bear Hunts

Island Brown Bear, Stikine Grizzlies, Black Bear, Goats and Deer

SUMMER SCENIC CRUISES, PHOTO AND FISHING TRIPS

Good Boats — Substantial Equipment — Registered Guides

Lee Ellis
Box 141
Wrangell, Alaska

Registered Guides
and Outfitters

Ralph Wooten
Box 613
Petersburg, Alaska

Vacation at Southeastern Alaska's Modern Resort—

BELL ISLAND HOT SPRINGS

New recreation hall and dining room
Electric lights—store
All types of boats with or without guides

Mineral Baths

with highest health-giving chemical components

\$25 per day and up
Fast daily plane and boat service to and from Ketchikan

ALASKANS!

It is no longer necessary to send
your shooting irons outside for
repairs or remodeling

Complete line of gunsmithing
now available. Custom guns
built to order. Any caliber—
standard or wildcat.

Sights . . . Barrels . . . Stocks

Reloading Supplies

Hunting Parties Arranged

Big Game Outfitters and Guides

Write:

TONGASS TRADING CO.

Sporting Goods Dept.

Ketchikan, Alaska

MAKE THE GILMORE HOTEL

Your Headquarters While in
Ketchikan, Alaska.

It's Modern and Centrally Located
KETCHIKAN ALASKA

VACATION AT THE DIAMOND B

Farthest-north dude ranch in America. Enjoy riding the mountain trails in the famous Cassiar big-game district and fish our numerous trout streams. Cozy private log cabins with comfortable beds, meals at the main lodge, and saddle horses all included in the rate of \$10 per week. From first to mid-October. Please do not use postal card. Make reservations early.

Outfitting for big-game hunts a specialty.

Owner and Manager—George B. Ball

Telegraph Creek, B. C.

BIG-GAME HUNTING

Arthur H. Kinnan

Longest established hunting service in Southeastern Alaska. Government-approved and licensed equipment and personnel. Leading registered guides.

Base Headquarters

P. O. Box 2555 Juneau, Alaska

THE INGERSOLL HOTEL

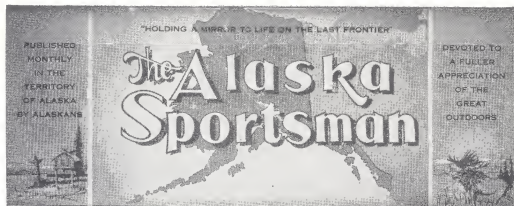
"Ketchikan's Leading Hotel"

FROM OUR LOBBY

- *Pan American World Airways
- *Ellis Air Lines
- *Alaska Coastal Airlines
- *Direct long-distance radio telephone to all Alaska and the United States
- *Fast day and night taxi service

Write reservation early

George Brack, Manager
Ketchikan, Alaska



VOLUME XV

OCTOBER, 1949

NUMBER 10

READY TO PAN Cover
Kodachrome taken on upper Noatak River by Dorothy J. Thompson.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN Frontispiece 4
Photo of scene near Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, taken by Allyn H. Brown.

MAIN TRAILS AND BYPATHS Editorial 5
Alaska bears today are holding their own, providing inspiring outdoor recreation and often inspiring fear!

BY THUMB TO ALASKA Herbert Evans McLean 6
The trip along the Alaska Highway without a car was somewhat foolhardy, but it was adventure.

WEALTH OF THE NORTHERN SEAS Tom Clarke 10
Entirely modern, the Deep Sea is a sea-going freezing unit capable of performing all the operations of bringing the crab or fish from the sea, to packaging it.

OFF SEASON FOR BEARS Thornton Emmons 12
The old-timers of Kodiak never did know how close their direful predictions of the result of this hunt came to being fulfilled.

WRONG TARGET! Niska Elwell 14
You may not like to read this story, but if you're a hunter, it's awfully good medicine!

FROM KETCHIKAN TO BARROW A Department 18
News and Notes about "The Last Frontier."

ALASKA ODDITIES Robert Wikstrom 32
A cartoon feature.

Emery F. Tobin, Editor

Clara M. Tobin, Managing Editor

Ethel Dassow, Associate Editor

Cynthia Hehn, Assistant Editor

Editorial, Advertising and Circulation Offices, Box 118, Ketchikan, Alaska. Advertising representatives: Harley L. Ward, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Fred H. Stern, 427 West 5th Street, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

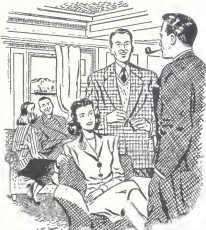
Published monthly by Alaska Magazine Publishing Company at Ketchikan, Alaska. Yearly subscription in U. S., Canada, and South America, \$2.50; 2 years, \$4.75; 3 years, \$7.00. Single copies 25 cents. In foreign countries not included above, \$5c a year additional. All rights reserved. Entered as second class matter December 19, 1934 at the postoffice at Ketchikan, Alaska, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1949 by Alaska Magazine Publishing Company. Trade mark, "The Alaska Sportsman" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in Alaska, U. S. A. Subscribers must notify us of change of address four weeks in advance of next publication. Be sure to give both old and new addresses. The editors are glad to receive long and short subjects from Alaskans or writers who have visited Alaska. Fact articles about Alaska's outdoors or industries are wanted. Photographs for illustrations, covers, and frontispieces are especially desired. Poetry is not wanted. Payment is on publication. Return of unsolicited contributions is not guaranteed nor insured but care will be taken of them.

**RELAX and
ENJOY YOURSELF**



TRAVEL BY STEAMER

The Alaska Line is famous for its cuisine. You'll enjoy the excellent food at every meal aboard the Alaska cruise ships. You'll find the pleasant company delightful, too. Real Alaskan hospitality makes your cruise on The Alaska Line informal and thoroughly enjoyable.

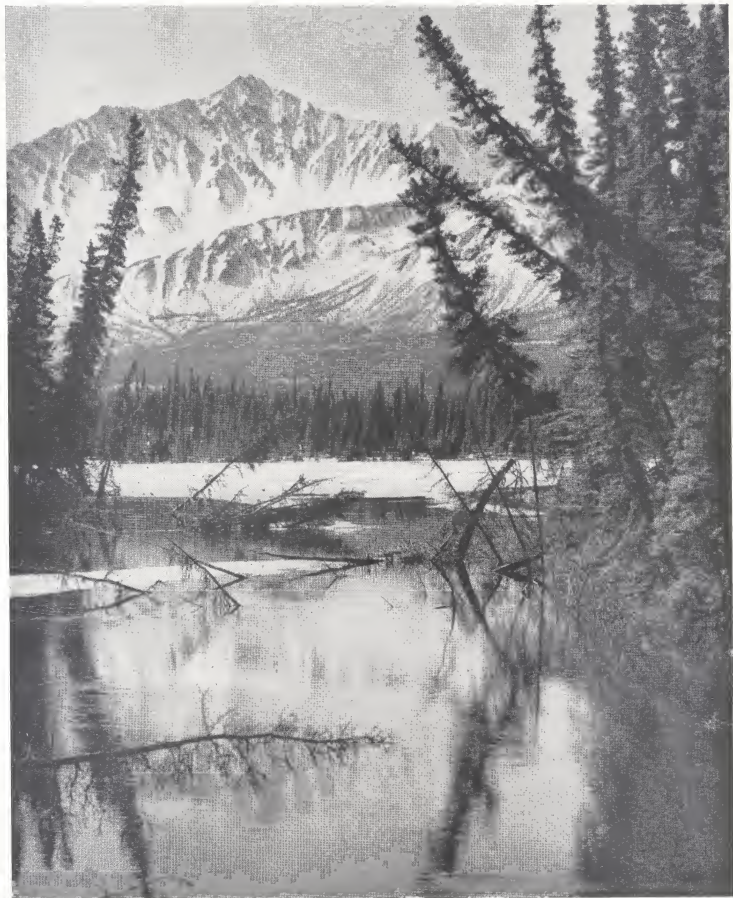


For passenger reservations, contact your nearest Travel Agent, office of the Alaska Steamship Company, or visit, write or telephone the City Ticket Office, 823 Second Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington.

PHONE: MA. 4530

**ALASKA
STEAMSHIP
COMPANY**

Serving all Alaska



LAKE AND MOUNTAIN

Photo by
Allyn H. Brown

"There's a land where the mountains are nameless, and the rivers all run God knows where." Men had felt the magic and irresistible "Spell of the Yukon" before Robert Service captured its essence in melodious verse. Today, among the mountains and rivers, in the "woods where the weird shadows slant," in the sweet summer and silence of winter, the spell is yet stronger, enhanced by romantic tales of struggle.

MAIN TRAILS AND BYPATHS

» EDITORIAL «

PADDING about Alaska in coats of hair and fur that range from purest white to grizzled brown and darkest black; picking berries, fishing salmon, eating grass, crabs, beetles, marmots and ground squirrels, are some of Alaska's oldest, most ferocious and intriguing residents . . .

Bears roam Alaska from the far Arctic shores southward to Dixon Entrance. Their haunts are everywhere, east to west, with the exception of a portion of the low tundra-land of westernmost Alaska along the Bering Sea. While the Black bear does not range very far above the Arctic Circle, the Browns and Grizzlies are seen even as far north as within a few miles of the Arctic Ocean, an area usually considered the Polar bear's exclusive domain.

Natural erosion and mining operations in Interior Alaska have uncovered widespread evidence that bears roamed Alaska even before man established his residence here. Skeletal remains prove that bears shared the country with such extinct species as the mastodon, mammoth, horse, camel, giant bison, puma and saber-toothed tiger.

GENERALLY classified in only four groups, the bears can actually be divided into many species and sub-species and are scientifically grouped in no less than thirty-five different classes. To the layman in the field, however, it is difficult to tell the difference between even some of the Browns and Blacks, not to mention the Browns and Grizzlies. Some Black bears wear brown coats and some Brown bears have nearly-black hides. Under close examination the twenty-eight various species and sub-species of Browns and Grizzlies are found to differ in color, claws, skull and teeth.

Monarch of all he surveys in Alaska's wilderness, the Brown bear grudgingly gives way only to man and his high-powered rifle. Even in the face of such odds he occasionally puts up a great fight. Perhaps it is this courageous trait that has made his shaggy hide such a desirable trophy and the taking of his photograph such a memorable experience.

IN SIZE, the Brown bear ranges up to nearly a ton in weight. Standing, he can reach to the awesome height of seventeen feet or more and hides squaring more than eleven feet have been taken. The Alaska count for Browns and Grizzlies indicates a population of 20,000.

Though Kodiak Island has the reputation for harboring the largest of all the bears, the Alaska Peninsula Browns sometimes exceed them in size. However, the extremely harsh and miserable weather conditions on the Peninsula have discouraged hunters from stalking them in what is considered by many the best Brown-bear range in the world.

The Polar bears have the reputation for being nearly as fierce as the Browns. They are much less numerous and approach the Alaska shores of the Arctic Ocean only at uncertain times of the year.

"BANDIT, strategist and clown" is an apt description of the tree-climbing Black bear. This bruin is most numerous of all. There is reported to be more than 75,000 Blacks in Alaska, but in weight they are far smaller than their cousins, carrying only 300 to 500 pounds of flesh, bone and hide.

In many parts of the Territory the Black bear is reported to kill moose calves. This practice, added to its destruction of food caches and its habit of entering cabins, tends to place him in the nuisance class, but he makes up in human qualities and intelligence what he lacks in good citizenship. No one can study a Black bear for any length of time without getting a laugh out of his actions and recognizing in his behavior some very human traits.

Bears are an asset to Alaska and contribute much to the fascination of the great wilderness areas. Present protection for bears is considered adequate, and while these giants of the forests and streams have been decimated in the States, Alaska will certainly continue to produce this interesting and awesome carnivore for generations to come.



Allyn DeLay

Blue-green waters lap gently at the shores, and above the fresh green woods, precipitous mountains cradle glaciers of inestimable age. Such is the setting of Seward, above, on Resurrection Bay, the most beautifully situated town I have seen.

By Thumb to Alaska

By Herbert Evans McLean

THE flaps of my white ski cap were pulled well down over my ears and my collar was covering as

much of my neck as possible, but the infernal mosquitoes were driving me crazy. It isn't so bad walking along

It was a thrill to travel the highway the U. S. Army Engineers had cut through the wilderness of mountains and muskeg to hurl strength to the strategic North.

the Alaska Highway. Then at least both hands are free to slap the critters. But today the odds were against me. I was circling the Mounted Police checking station at Blueberry, my forty-pound pack on my back, trying to work my way through four miles of treacherous muskeg. The woods were like a jungle, hot and humid, and I was soaking in sweat.

Why was I going through all this agony? I was hitchhiking from Seattle to Fairbanks over the famous but somewhat forbidding road. To travel the 1,523-mile highway at this time, it was required that one have a travel permit and such items as a first aid kit, ax and shovel, tire chains, two spare tires and tubes, jack, tow rope and like odds and ends. Finding it impractical to fit any of them except the first aid kit into my rucksack, and hitchhiking forbidden, I had no choice but to hit the bush and avoid the checking station.

Was it worth all this? That question was moot on this morning in July,



1947. It had first entered my head when the truck driver let me and my pack out of the cab and I disappeared into the northern bush ninety-eight miles north of Dawson Creek, B. C. As I began to sink into the mossy, wet muskeg and slip into pools of swampy water that lay like traps in the thick wood, I began to see a certain foolhardiness in my adventure.

As I trudged through the wilderness, trying to keep out of sight from the road and still not get lost, I remembered with a sardonic smile how glamorous the trip had seemed when I had pondered over magazine pictures of the great Northwest back there in the Acalanes High Library. Graduation over, I'd loaded my old car with



Photos by H. E. McLean

Having made my stake in Alaska, I descended upon Seward in luxury. Still in the plane, above, is the forty-five pound pack that gained weight along the road.



At Dawson Creek, Mile Post Zero, I was ready for any adventure the Alaska Highway could offer a hitchhiker.

jeep cans and spare tires and food and a friend from San Jose, and taken off from my Walnut Creek, California home with a truly venturesome spirit and plenty of canned lemon juice. We had skied on Mount Rainier, toured the Olympic Peninsula, ferried to Victoria where we were greeted with the request that we be out of Canada within three days. Our funds, they thought, were too scant to support us any longer. Charles had crawled into the back of the car to save his fare on the Vancouver ferry, stayed there the entire crossing and struggled out declaring he'd rather have spent the money. Then we'd whisked south again to Seattle.

Meanwhile the old '37 Chev had

developed a suspicious knock, the brakes were becoming less and less effective, and in general we knew we weren't going to be able to support it much longer. I drove the car into a friend's garage, said goodbye to Charles who chose to improve his financial status by picking berries, and was off to Edmonton by way of the thumb. My entire capital on leaving Seattle was \$3.35, but I was happy and confident.

It was pleasant to reflect upon Grand Coulee Dam, where I had met an engineer's son while I was washing dishes, and stayed at his home for a couple of days of complete enjoyment before heading east again.

Then the real worry began. Would the Canadian immigration officials allow me to tour their great land on two dollars? That was the main issue

staring me in the face as I waited patiently in a drizzling rain for a ride out of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, a few hours south of the Canadian border. Then came a big-hearted logger who picked me up, listened to my pitiful story and gave me a job limbing logs for \$10 a day plus room and board.

That was the hardest labor I had encountered in all my nineteen years. Limbing trees in the Idaho mountains is a gruelling, back-breaking, dangerous, hot and monotonous occupation requiring brawn and just enough brain to determine where the next log is and when to get out of the way as one comes down. Hospitals there are full of those who didn't fit in with the latter requirement.

But three and a half days there rendered me so free of financial worry that I was compelled to jump into

After twelve hours a ride came in the form of a tank truck, whose sharp-eyed driver pointed out game along the road and stopped to pick wild raspberries.





Robinson Studios

It was pleasant in Anchorage, the broad-streeted metropolis of southern Alaska.

a nearby river to clean up, bid a friendly goodbye to the logger and his wife, and hit the road northward.

For some reason, questions were reduced to a minimum at the Canadian border at Eastport, Idaho. Was I an American citizen? Had I at any time lost my citizenship? How long did I plan to be in Canada? Yes, no, and I was just breezing through for two or three days. That over, I stood placidly asking everyone who was crossing the border whether they had a corner in their car for me and my pack. Somehow everyone with a big new car or a beautiful daughter just didn't have room for me, and I ended up in a semi-rattlettrap quite devoid of feminine attractions or fancy upholstery. That ride carried me well into Canada, to MacLeod, south of Calgary.

It was late at night when I pulled into Calgary. I found a beautiful but sparsely planted park along the river and spread out my Arctic sleeping bag. There I lay beneath a cluster of embarrassingly nude bushes, looking into people's faces all night long

and from time to time hearing murmurs of summer love. Then in the morning at a disgustingly early hour a power mower came along and practically snipped the end off my sleeping bag. I stuffed everything into my pack in a feverish manner and got out just in time to avoid words with the gardener.

After an astoundingly cheap breakfast and a streetcar ride around the city, I picked up a ride all the way to Lake Louise in a beautiful convertible. My impression of the famous Banff National Park was slightly disappointing. Though the scenery is superb, I thought the whole set-up over-commercialized. At times I even felt the other visitors were looking at me as part of the local color. As I strolled through the Lake Louise gardens with my bristly beard and big pack, permitting pretty Canadian girls to take my picture beside the lakeshore, people would extend boney fingers toward me. Made me feel conspicuous.

That night I returned from Banff to Calgary shut up in the back of a big

truck with all the milk bottles emptied at the park during the previous twenty-four hours. I don't know just how many bottles there were, but each one sounded off protestingly on every bump for three hours.

Then there was Edmonton, the beautiful riverside metropolis, from which I departed in the early morning. The road was rough after that, and dusty. At Athabasca I got a ride with eleven Pentecosts in the back of an open truck. They were on their way to a conference near Peace River. That night I took a swim in the warm waters of Lesser Slave Lake, shook the dust off my clothes and felt clean once again. Then on through rugged Peace River country to Fairview, where I spent a stormy night in a child's playhouse, my six feet three inches just comfortably filling the floor space.

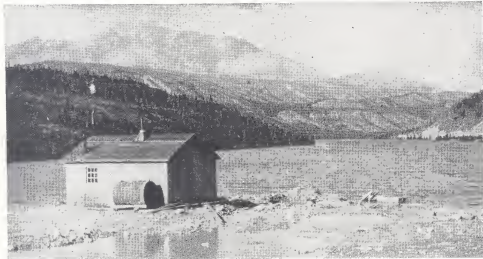
NEXT morning brought a ride that carried me all the way to Fort Saint John, B. C., where I got a job clearing land with an ax. Life on a farm there was a memorable experience. The days were long and warm, and as I tore each root from the ground that would bear wheat next season, I felt that in my little way I was helping the Great North move ahead. Dinner-time on the farm, and the family table was heaped with fresh vegetables, meat, endless quantities of wild strawberries and milk, homemade bread baked with flour milled from the very wheat produced on the farm.

Leaving Fort Saint John, I caught a ride in a truck which carried me right up to the first official checking station. Although the Alaska Highway actually begins at Dawson Creek, Mile Post Zero, the first check of cars was made at Blueberry, Mile Post 101. And that's exactly where I was working through the bush, pondering over the incidents leading up to such an anti-climax.

About an hour and a half after the truck driver let me out, I was safely around the Mounties and waiting again on the highway for a ride. In half an hour more I was rumbling along the smooth, hard-graveled surface in another truck, all misgivings gone and happy as the day I'd left Seattle.

As we sped through the wilderness at a good forty-five miles an hour, I was thrilled to think how the U. S. Army Engineers had built the road across this untamed, muskeg-covered northland in so short a time. Within a year the impossible road had been completed and the trucks of the American Army were hurling new strength to the strategic North. I saw few of our Army trucks as I passed over the road, but the civilian traf-

At Mile 393 is Summit Lake, elevation 4,300 feet and the highest point on the highway. The road skirts the lakeshore, and the Canadian Rockies tower above.



fic heading North convinced me that Alaska was at last being realized as the land of opportunity for those who could work for it.

That night I reached Fort Nelson after a harassing ride with three inebriated gentlemen on their way to Fairbanks for construction work. There was no more traffic on the road through the night, so I found an empty construction shack, curled up in a corner and was soon asleep. Next day not more than six cars moved in my direction and I waited twelve hours for a ride. It came with a generous tank-truck driver named Tom Proctor, who carried me ninety-two miles to Summit Lake. Here, at altitude 4,300 feet, is the highest point on the highway. We stopped along the road often and collected hatfulls of sweet wild raspberries for Tom's wife to can. Tom is an expert hunter with an infallible eye for game. He was always calling my attention to animals along the way that I'd otherwise never have seen.

AS I WAS completely unprepared to do any of my own cooking, I was naturally concerned about eating conditions on the Alaska Highway. To be sure, I didn't find lavishly decorated tea rooms or charcoal broilers with white-capped chefs. None of the items on the menus had names like "au jus," "à la maison" or "au gratin" attached. But what I did find was complete satisfaction with every meal. The bill of fare à la Alaska Highway included wholesome, filling, well-prepared foods in eating places almost always clean. Though such things as milk, bottled drinks and heavy commodities were naturally more expensive than they are farther south, the meals were, I considered, reasonably priced almost everywhere. Naturally the traveler along the highway must pay considerably more for his food in places where, as in Yukon Territory, freight charges sometimes actually exceed the original cost of the item.

I shall not soon forget the huge bowl of steaming Irish stew at Lum 'n' Abner's Cafe near the beginning of the highway, nor the sweet bear meat farther along, nor the filling dinners at Summit Lake and Burwash Landing. Of course I must admit paying two-bits for a bottle of pop at Fort Nelson, and a dollar for a cheeseburger at Tok Junction on the Alaska side. They were the exceptions, though, and not the rule.

After two more days of riding over the easy grades and beside the angry streams draining the upper Rockies, I settled down and worked for three weeks at a new outpost on the highway. My employer was remodeling an abandoned construction camp to



No one with a big new car or a beautiful young daughter had room for me, but I got a ride in a rattletrap devoid of feminine attraction and fancy upholstery.

be known as Welcome Inn No. 2, Mile 842, in Yukon Territory.

There were five lakes within a mile of the camp, all of them warm enough for swimming in the summer. Hunting and fishing possibilities were virtually untouched. A great place for a vacation, but my mission was definitely one of work. I spent most of my time there digging seven-foot ditches for water pipes, painting the inside of the cafe and so forth. I hadn't planned to stay so long, but the utter beauty and wildness of the country somehow got into my blood and I pulled myself away only when I realized suddenly that the summer was fleeing.

Then came a most disgusting experience. On the night I left my job I

was picked up by two Indians in an ancient heap. I didn't mind doubling up in back with two big dogs, one of them half wolf, a cat, a load of fish, two guns, a ten-gallon gas drum and sundry other items. I couldn't afford to be particular. But they'd told me they were going to the next lodge. Then all of a sudden they came to a stop and said, "We turn off. You get out."

So out I got, and away they went down a side road, and there I was late at night in the middle of nowhere. I had no choice but to get into my sleeping bag to keep from freezing, and listen to the coyotes howling uncomfortably near. But about midnight along came a trucker and his wife, who —Please turn to page 16

Maintenance camps similar to the one at Fort Nelson, below, are scattered along the highway. The tar-paper cabin beside the road is a grocery and gas station.





Western Agency

The Deep Sea is the only ship now in existence able to perform all operations from bringing crab or fish out of the sea to packaging it for market. She carries a 1,200 horsepower Diesel and the most modern electronic navigation equipment.

Wealth of the Northern Seas

By Tom Clarke

WHEN Bill Blackford wasn't sweeping for mines or escorting submarines to their North Pacific patrol areas in 1942 and '43, his mine sweeper used to lie at anchor in the Bay of Islands, Adak, central Aleutians.

He doesn't remember just when it was nor who did it, but one day a sailor fashioned an iron hoop, spread a shallow basket netting on it, put a piece of meat in the center for bait and lowered it to the bottom. When he hauled the rig to the surface he

found he had caught a monster. No one knew what the creature was—least of all Bill, the skipper.

"Looks like a crab to me," said Bill, "but if it is, it's the darndest looking crab I've ever seen!"

"Is it good to eat?" someone wondered.

"Let's cook it and find out," someone else said.

The ugly creature they had hauled up from the deep, icy waters of the Bay of Islands was almost five feet from tip to tip of its gnarled legs, and weighed close to twenty pounds. The reddish shell that enclosed its homely legs and body was covered with sharp, spiny protrusions and growing barnacles. It had two claws, the right one larger than the left. The smaller claw seemed adapted for holding, and the larger was a powerful crusher.

They took the thing to the galley and dropped it into a dixie of boiling water, and after awhile they let it over the side to cool off in the sea.

"Someone said it was a brave man who ate the first oyster," Bill said, "but he wasn't a bit braver than the sailor who broke open a leg and took the first bite of our catch!"

"How does it taste?" someone asked, and when the venturesome lad reached

No one goes over the side of the Deep Sea to fish. The otter trawl is hauled on board by Diesel power and emptied onto the deck. Shown below is a single haul of some 750 king crabs, which will be processed in three and a half hours.

Bill Blackford



for another joint, everyone began grabbing. The meat, they found, was firm and sweet, and had a flavor that made them forget they'd been away from the States for almost a year and a half. It was white meat, shot with an attractive red vein. There was little edible flesh within the body shell, but plenty in the legs and claws.

They had caught and eaten their first Alaska king crab, *Paralithodes camtschatica*.

"I'd never known there was such a thing as a king crab," says Bill,

versity of Washington when he'd taken his degree in chemistry.

Bill came originally from Rochester, Minnesota, where his father, Dr. John Blackford, had been an internist and diagnostician at the Mayo Clinic. The family moved west in 1917, when Bill was two years old, and Doctor Blackford founded Seattle's Virginia Mason Hospital.

Through an acquaintance, Phil Padelford, Bill met and became associated with Lowell Wakefield in 1946. Lowell is president of Deep Sea Trawlers, a corporation then only recently formed to engage in fishing for king crabs. Lowell was one of the pioneers in the American king crab operations. Through him and other sources Bill learned that the Japanese had for years been catching the crab in the Bering Sea, processing it on board cannery ships and reshipping it from Japan to the States, most of it under the brand name of "Geisha Crab."

In 1939 the Japanese crab operators hit the headlines all over the States. "JAPS FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS! SALMON INDUSTRY THREATENED! JAPS INVADE BERING SEA!"

To give the devil his due, the Japanese were probably not fishing in American waters. Though the United States has since claimed the waters to the edge of the continental shelf, or the hundred-fathom line, all known Japanese operations were beyond the then legal three-mile limit. In the second place they weren't catching many salmon, although American salmon men didn't do anything to correct the impression that they were. What salmon



Tom Clarke

Lowell Wakefield, left above, and Bill Blackford, president and director respectively of Deep Sea Trawlers, alternate as captain of the Deep Sea.

on they did catch, however, even if taken in the open sea, were spawned in American waters and subject to American fishing regulations. In the third place the Japanese might as well have been catching the crabs—though some thought to conservation would have been apropos—because until 1938 few American packers knew how to can king crab without having it turn black in the can.

Pictures appeared in the papers showing a —Please turn to page 27

A break from routine fishing and processing comes when the Deep Sea pulls alongside an ice floe in the Bering Sea and captures a huge sea-lion for its hide.

Bill Blackford



Bill Blackford

Deep Sea Trawlers don't process sea-lion meat, but they take a few sea-lions to use the hide for chafing gear.

"and the waters around Adak and the rest of the Aleutian chain seemed to be full of them."

He wrote home for literature about the king crab, but there wasn't much to find out. He reasoned that anything which tasted as good and was as plentiful as the ugly crustacean should find a place on the commercial market. He wasn't able to do much about it, though, until he'd finished his tour in the Aleutians and another two years on a destroyer escort in the Atlantic, then hung up his Commander's uniform and gone home to Seattle.

Bill had never had any interest in commercial fishing before he met the king crab out in the chain. In fact, he'd never been to sea until the Navy Department remembered, in 1940, that he had a reserve commission earned in Naval ROTC at the Uni-

Off Season for Bears

By Thornton Emmons



What really bothered me was that evidently only one bear had made a recent visit to such an ideal fishing and berrying area, though we were the first human beings around in more than a year. Maybe it was a bad year for bears, at that!

OUR pals at Uyak turned out to kid us as the two of us pulled away in our skiff to hunt bears. And on the face of it the venture did seem a bit ridiculous. For one thing, it was decidedly an off season for bears.

By one o'clock we had the three large hides and the hide of the cub spread out on the cabin roof, as shown below, and more juicy bear steaks were on the fire.

Only one had been bagged so far. For another, although we were not cheechakos, neither of us had hunted on Kodiak Island before. Yet we were setting out confidently to show up the old-timers.

Furthermore my bear gun was merely a Winchester .32 Special carbine, and Brown's was an old Army bolt-action Krag. Both are good weapons for their purposes, but hardly the thing for such a project. To top it off, our objective up the bay required a hard row of fourteen miles each way.

But how everyone's eyes opened wide and their wisecracks died on their lips when they saw us return with three skins and a good supply of choice bear steaks! They never did know how close their most direful predictions came to being fulfilled, for we had to carry on with our act as if success were merely a routine performance for us. Twice we thought I was to be the first hunter a Kodiak bear had bagged in two years, and once we thought we were both goners. Only luck, good shooting and the upswelling of latent physical reserves which at one time practically enabled me to fly, saved us from being the victims instead of triumphant hunters.



Although our row up the bay was hard enough, we reached the little inlet by mid-afternoon and soon located the abandoned trapper's cabin the others had told us about. We moved in our gear and relaxed a bit, then went out to search the beach and nearby stream for bear tracks. Brownie discovered the only fresh one.

"It isn't very big, either," he commented disconsolately as we returned to the cabin for a meal from two cans of good old baked "Alaska strawberries." But a nine-inch track indicated a bear as large as those I was used to, so I wasn't a bit discouraged. Also I saw where its maker had jostled some rather heavy logs about in scratching its back, and I couldn't

seen so far being two foxes in the distance. Our muscles were cramping, and our only cheer consisted of hard-tack and a bar of cooking chocolate. Yet we were as determined as ever.

One o'clock came. Two. Three. And the only sign of any bear was a partially smoothed-over depression in a secluded snowdrift, where a bear had evidently hibernated the previous winter. Instead of searching out a cave or similar shelter, the Kodiak bear will frequently just curl up in a likely spot and let the snow pile over him.

By four o'clock we were circling back toward camp with little hope of success that day, at least. Climbing over some rocks just above timber line, about 2,000 feet, we came to a sharp decline.

"Let's crawl over to the edge," suggested Brownie. "The wind is right. Maybe we can spot something below."

Cautiously we advanced on our hands and knees, and then dropped flat. On a ledge some two hundred yards down was a medium-sized Kodiak bear, evidently just awakened from a nap. It was the first I had ever seen, but I remember marveling how unexcited I was as I tried to fumble open the safety catch on my Winchester.

"We've got to get him the first shot," whispered Brownie, softly touching my arm, "or he'll tumble a mile down that steep grade."

Obviously he was right, and fortunately the bear was standing rather still, evidently listening and sniffing. The slightest alarm and he would be down that grade on the run. Allowing for down-hill shooting, we took careful aim at his forehead. I did find it necessary to rest my quivering gun



W. H. Sinspert
Even when you know your bear is dead, there may be a live one lurking about.

upon a rock, but the gun should not be blamed too much. It was brand new and this was its first look at a Kodiak bear.

"Ready," whispered Brown, just as the bear seemed to sense our presence and began to move. "One, two, fire!"

Both shots cracked out and we had our first bear. He just dropped in his tracks.

Because of our anxious care the skinning job took nearly three hours, even though the hide was only seven feet from head to tail. We cached the hide in —Please turn to page 22



Painting by Eddie Meyer

Some old-timers say a dying she-bear will usually swing at her cubs, probably because of pain and blind rage.

reach within six inches of the place where it had scoured the bark off a tree in sharpening its claws.

What did bother me was the fact that evidently only one bear had recently visited this ideal fishing and berrying area, even though we were the first human beings to arrive in more than a year.

Dead tired, I went to sleep listening to Brown's interesting Mexican adventures. But by four o'clock next morning both of us awoke fresh and eager to start inland. It was tough going, as anyone who has been on Kodiak Island knows. Besides the rough terrain we had to negotiate a considerable amount of snow and several pumice-covered areas that were either soggy or very slippery.

Noon found us high up a mountain with the only four-footed animals

Not a very big one? Well, a small Kodiak bear is bigger than the bears most people are accustomed to. Three "small" ones easily add up to a couple of tons.

Schallert's



Wrong Target!

By Niska Elwell



Andy Anderson

Surely no one could mistake a domestic goat for a deer or a wild goat—no one who looked carefully. But tame goats have been shot by hunters in Southeastern Alaska. The boy above might easily be killed by a poor shot at one of his goats.

HAVE you ever wakened from a nightmare, jerked upright in horror because you'd dreamed you had shot at an animal but had killed a human being? Not only a human being, but a beautiful girl?

You'd shot her between the eyes. A shot you could have been proud of—five hundred yards from timber line almost to the summit of Mount Marathon. But instead of pride it was only stunned shame you felt. You'd looked through your field glasses only after your game had fallen dead. Shame and consternation and guilt at killing a human being.

Accidental? No. Criminal negligence! There's one man in Alaska for whom there was no awakening from this nightmare. For him it was true. A young man of thirty who had been trained by the Army to handle firearms and should have known better. He mistook the girl for a bear because she was wearing black slacks. He shot his .30-'06 at a moving object on the mountainside, and looked afterward to see what it might be.

Nor was he alone in his crime. His

companion fired five shots at another girl who was fleeing across a snow patch to escape her friend's fate. That soldier was lucky because he was not so good a shot. The second girl lived to tell the tale from the hospital bed where she was recovering from shock.

Hunters from the States have been responsible sportsmen, with responsible guides, making a daydream come true.

Will H. Chase



It all happened a year ago within sight of the town's business district. Marathon is the guardian mountain of Seward. Any citizen standing in the street with a pair of binoculars could have seen the tragedy. It is not uncommon to see Black bears on Marathon Mountain, and a little group of townspeople standing in the street watching them.

The whole town of Seward was stunned by the wanton irresponsibility resulting in the death of Roberta Smith. From San Pedro, Calif., a graduate of Compton Junior College, she had come to Alaska in 1945 as secretary of the USO in Anchorage. A year later she had taken a position in the CAA office, and in 1947 she had come to Seward to join the staff of the Jesse Lee Home, a Methodist orphanage. She was 29 years old when she died.

A coroner's jury ruled that her death was due to careless use of firearms. The young sergeant was turned over to Army authorities, and is still at large. Civilians, who have seen him on the fishing streams of Kenai Peninsula, feel he should have been pun-

ished for criminal negligence. "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord"—and perhaps his own remorse is more devastating punishment than the death he dealt to an innocent girl.

You thousands of hunters who take to the field every open season, would you be willing to face such an ordeal as this man is facing? Would you, if you were acquitted for criminal negligence, have the moral strength to go on living with yourself? Could you endure the punishment your own conscience would mete out to you even though a jury of your peers forgave you?

Man oh man, I'd hate to have it happen to me! Pinch me, somebody, and wake me up. And watch it, boys. Take



How much does a beautiful girl like Roberta Smith, above, resemble a bear? Yet she is dead because a trigger-happy hunter shot before he looked.

your time when you pull that trigger. Maybe you'll miss, but you'll be damn glad you did miss if you find it wasn't the animal you thought it was.

That second soldier in the Mount Marathon debacle is not proud of himself, either. That was one time a miss was not as good as a mile. The stigma is there, but he's more proud to have missed than to have scored a hit, and Valveda Bryant, who went hiking with Miss Smith that Sunday, lived to go back to her job at the orphanage.

Nor is this an isolated incident in Alaska recently—Alaska, the "Last Frontier," which has shaken hands with itself for decades because its hunters had no need for the blazing red shirts and hats which Stateside

hunters wear hoping to save their lives.

Two other women almost met Miss Smith's fate last fall at the opening of the caribou season. Not just bystanders, they were hunters too, hardy Amazons who had gone out hunting alone beyond the restricted area of the highway, and downed their caribou. They were dressing it out when they had to flee the scene because high-powered rifle bullets began to whang into the carcass. Some men hunters at a distance had thought the dead caribou was just lying down resting, and opened up on it. Sporting, weren't they! I don't know what the women could possibly have been mistaken for.

Those men should have got down on their knees and muttered prayers of thanksgiving because of their narrow escape, instead of the women giving thanks for their deliverance. Which would you rather be, a dead woman, or the man who shot her accidentally and had to face the U. S. Marshal, a manslaughter charge, the coroner's jury, the trial jury, the judge, and yourself for the rest of your life?

Oh brother! I don't know about you, but me, I'd rather be the one who was dead!

It may be that you can't protect yourself from the criminally negligent, but you can avoid being the criminal. Tuck some of these horrible examples away in the subconscious pigeon-holes of your mind, where they'll pop up in front of you just before you take a shot into the brush at some hazy movement you think might be your game. Then the telling of these gruesome



Alaska stores now sell the red shirts they long disdained, but even red is not adequate protection against the criminally negligent hunter's bullet.

some tragedies and near-tragedies will be justified.

I once recounted a few of these tales to a visiting hunter who was rather careless with his gun. He snorted, "Such stories should never be told!" He was the very one who needed to hear them! And when they began to get under his belt, I knew they might do him —Please turn to page 23

Alaska had long congratulated itself because the "Last Frontier" was safe from irresponsible pot-shooters. No need for the hunter to dress like a flaming bonfire in the hope of saving his own life when he went for sharp-eyed big-game.

William Wakeland



READY IN TIME FOR YOUR
HUNTING THIS FALL



New
Super-X
SILVERTIP
AND
SOFT POINT BULLETS

WITH
SMASHING POWER
Greater than
ever before

A great OLIN project, using every advantage of modern research, testing and development, brings you a NEW, improved SILVERTIP and SOFT POINT line of ammunition in which every cartridge delivers maximum velocity, energy and effective expansion for any game at any range for which the bullet is recommended.

FOR THE FIRST TIME you can be assured of PROVEN all-range bullet upset... proven in the laboratory and in the FIELD. For example, the illustrations (right) show how effectively a 30-06 180 grain SILVERTIP expands at all hunting ranges to an extreme of 400 yards. Try 'em... judge 'em yourself.



Western
Super-X
THE ORIGINAL LONG RANGE LOAD



50 YARDS



100 YARDS



200 YARDS



300 YARDS



400 YARDS

BY THUMB TO ALASKA

(Continued from page 9)

took me to Whitehorse and offered me a place to sleep for what was left of the night.

Was my luck breaking? I surely began to think so the next day when I skirted the last checking station at Mile 1206. The fellows who had picked me up at Whitehorse had promised to wait for me on the other side of the station. When I finally got through the muskeg and back onto the highway, however, they were gone and I was again on my own. I walked five miles until I came upon a trapper's cabin, where I stayed all night.

The trapper's Indian wife gave me a big breakfast of hot cakes, strawberry jam and coffee, and I walked out to the road to resume my journey. Traffic was pitifully slow the next day and I ended by walking eighteen miles with that hindering but indispensable pack, now grown to forty-five pounds, on my back. Hitchhiking, I found, is not the same in the North as it is in California. Up North you don't just stand and wait for a ride. You'll freeze if you do. You keep walking.

BUT that night, in a triumphant mood, I walked down the streets of Fairbanks. I was there, uninjured and unfrozen, although my Army windbreaker had been stolen along the way, and extremely jubilant. A generous couple from Connecticut had brought me through in a big Cadillac.

Oh, the bliss of washing dishes for \$1.25 an hour and meals! That, mingled with brief sight-seeing jaunts, was the life I led in Fairbanks. The acute housing shortage I solved by finding an empty bunk at a local construction camp. Everything was right. But in three days I became restless and boarded a plane for Anchorage. I was now a comparatively rich man, having made my stake in Alaska, and could travel in luxury. Nor did I have to work in Anchorage. I spent a pleasant day in the broad-streeted metropolis of southern Alaska, then was off on another plane for Seward.

Seward, I believe, is the most beautifully situated town I have ever seen. The blue-green waters lap gently at her shores and waterfalls tumble white foam into the ocean from rocky cliffs. Above the peaceful little town rise precipitous mountains cradling glaciers of inestimable age. The woods are fresh green, and thick with beautiful blooming plants and berries and wildlife.

I didn't know where I was going next, but I wandered down to the Army dock to see about doing a little stevedoring for \$2.71 an hour. There before me lay a beautiful Army freighter, its white midship house sending back a dazzling reflection of the sun's bright rays. The holds were giving

forth security for Alaska in the form of materials for bridges, roads and power lines.

Oh, to belong to that handsome ship! I sought out her master and sure enough, after a few words with him I was part of the crew. In a week we would leave for San Francisco, just forty-five minutes from my home. I was mostly a painter. From stern to stern, from bridge almost to bilge, we sang and whistled and covered the Clarksdale Victory with a lustrous coat of marine paint.

I remember one morning in Seward especially. It was Sunday morning, the day of rest. I was by myself about halfway up Marathon Mountain back of Seward. I stopped on the trail and turned around to drink in the view. The sky was light blue and the wildflowers about me were dancing to the tune of a fresh breeze off the Gulf of Alaska. I looked across Resurrection Bay to the mountains on the other side and saw a few low-hanging clouds mingling with the glaciers. Down some two thousand feet were the orderly streets of Seward, quiet on the Sabbath morning. At the edge of town, on the blue-green water, the Clarksdale Victory snuggled close to her moorings.

THEN, as if this magnificent picture were not enough, the breeze wafted up the organ music from one of Seward's churches. How the sound found its way to me from so far, I shall never know, but its effect was powerful. It was a message—a message of joy and contentment from a courageous, peace-loving people.

Then we sailed from Seward. I didn't see the little city getting smaller and smaller on the horizon as we left Resurrection Bay, for I was manning the schooner guide and preventing cable as we lashed down the booms.

Four days later the Golden Gate sprang out of the haze and I was home—but not until the hawsers were drawn taut and I was discharged as a workaway. Before I left the ship the first mate asked me to sign on as a regular seaman. I was strongly tempted, but my eagerness to see everyone at home made me put it off until the Clarksdale returned from another trip.

I may have looked a little queer as I boarded the train into town from the Oakland pier. A two-inch beard, no haircut since I'd left home, seaman's clothes and an Army pack. But I was happy. I had seen Alaska.

On her next trip north the glistening hull of the proud Clarksdale Victory was dashed to bits on Hippa Island, out of Ketchikan. Forty-nine of my friends and former crew mates went down in the salt sea on that rugged coastline, and but for my eagerness to get home I might have been the fiftieth.

The End

SMASHING POWER

Greater than ever before

READY IN TIME FOR
YOUR HUNTING
THIS FALL

New
**SUPER SPEED
SILVERTIP
AND
SOFT POINT BULLETS**

A great OLIN project, using every advantage of modern research, testing and development, brings you a NEW, improved SILVERTIP and SOFT POINT line of ammunition in which every cartridge delivers maximum velocity, energy and effective expansion for any game at any range for which the bullet is recommended.

FOR THE FIRST TIME you can be assured of PROVEN all-range bullet upset . . . proven in the laboratory and in the FIELD. For example, the illustrations (right) show how effectively a 30-06 180 grain SILVERTIP expands at all hunting ranges to an extreme of 400 yards. Try 'em . . . judge 'em yourself.



WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
SUPER SPEED





From Ketchikan to Barrow

Each month these pages carry facts about Alaska's history, natural wonders, and wildlife; unusual incidents in the lives of Alaskans; and items of current interest about the Territory.

● Most of Alaska's fabulous characters earned their reputations during the Gold-rush days or by long decades of pioneer exploits, but Major "Muktuk" Marston, properly addressed as Colonel Marvin R. Marston, became a legendary hero of full stature in four short years while he was engaged in organizing and training the "Tundra Army" of Eskimos. One of the favorite stories about Marston concerns how he got his "handle." Incidentally, though most majors prefer to be called colonel, Marston is a colonel who prefers to be called major, and not entirely be-

cause it is more euphonic. The "Muktuk" came early in his Arctic career. He had flown to Seward Peninsula to meet a group of King Islanders who were coming over on a whale hunt. When he arrived a whale had been killed and the chief, Aghituk, was feasting on muktuk, the skin and adjoining blubber of the whale. Unaware that to feast with Aghituk was a competitive proposition requiring a capacity little short of a whale's own, Marston squatted across from the shirtless chief and nibbled a slice of muktuk. "Hm, not bad!" he remarked.

"Be good with beer and mustard." They chewed on and on into the summer night, Marston removing his shirt, both loosening their belts, occasionally belching, telling jokes and singing songs. As the midnight sun was sinking, the chief's greasy chin sank to his bare bosom. Marston slipped on his shirt and crept toward the door. Chief Aghituk jerked up in triumph. "You quit? You had enough muktuk?" "Oh, no!" declared Marston. "I'm just going after that beer and mustard. I'll be right back." Marston always insisted he hadn't known it was an endurance contest—he ate because he liked muktuk, excellent food for a man in the Arctic. Since the war Major Marston has traveled widely in the States giving illustrated lectures about the Alaskan Arctic and its people.

Herring runs in the Ketchikan area are most obliging so far as the non-fishing public is concerned, for they often come in vast schools right into Tongass Narrows where fishing boats are ready for them and anyone who stations himself on the waterfront can watch the herring-fishing process from salt water to cold-storage trays. A huge purse-seine net is set around the school, its lead line drawn tight to complete the enclosure and the net drawn in to concentrate the catch. From the reduced purse, or money-bag, the fish are brailled by a winch-operated sock into the hold of the fishing boat. Often during the runs two or three herring seiners will be making sets at once in clear view from Ketchikan's waterfront, as shown below. Sometimes they will be so close to the cold-storage dock when the set is completed that they can brail the money-bag directly onto the dock instead of into the hold first. Undoubtedly the process seems more picturesque to the audience than to participating fishermen, however, for the runs come in the early spring when the sunlight, if any, is cold and cheerless, the raw salt spray is even colder and a bitter wind is whipping down the Narrows. The audience can withdraw to thaw out and sip coffee during operations, but the fishermen must stick it out until the last little herring has been brailled.



● Naval installations at Point Barrow, where for centuries men lighted and warmed their dwellings with seal oil, are now supplied with natural gas piped from a well about six miles south of the "tip of the continent." Announcement of the discovery of gas in considerable quantity during the Navy's search for oil was withheld for security reasons until the pipeline was completed recently. Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4, consisting of 37,000 acres south of Point Barrow, was set aside during the Harding administration, but drilling was not started until after the war. Five wells have been sunk so far and three more are being drilled. According to Commodore William G. Greenman, director of Naval petroleum reserves, the discovery of gas and shows of oil are "encouraging," and warrant further exploration, though fields capable of producing about a hundred thousand barrels of oil a day from a reserve of at least fifty million barrels would be required to justify the expense of extracting the oil and building a pipeline to an ice-free port. Work is being done under an appropriation of \$14,000,000 which extends through June, 1950.

● Old-timer Franklin Reinosky of the Rampart area, whose age would have justified his retirement years ago, was busily at work on Gunnerson Creek last July when a tree fell on him. He picked himself up, thought maybe he should see a doctor, and hiked twenty-

five miles into Rampart where he made plane connections for Fairbanks. There a doctor examined him and found he had six broken ribs and a punctured lung. Next day, his chest wound with adhesive tape, Reinosky flew back to Rampart where he took it easy a couple of days before he hiked the twenty-five miles back to work.

- Seventeen-year-old Dallas Sears of Edmonds, Wash., felt like a displaced person last August, having worked for a short time in a cannery near Ketchikan when a law went into effect setting the minimum age of cannery workers at eighteen. He had earned \$200, but hated to spend most of it on a ticket home. Then he remembered that his step-father's cruiser was moored in Ketchikan, and Dad wanted to get it home. On the theory that parents don't worry when they don't know, Dallas cast off alone in the cruiser and pointed its bow toward home. The trip took him fourteen days.

- Hundreds of Juneau youngsters who raised their little hands and solemnly swore they hadn't shot any firecrackers last Fourth of July received candy from Police Chief Bernie Hulk as a reward for obeying the city's no fireworks ordinance.

- For the first time in many years it is possible for persons to land on the Pribilof Islands without special permission from the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Reeve Airways of Anchorage was recently granted a blanket permit to land passengers on the famed seal islands at any time this year. Housing facilities on the Pribilofs are limited, however, and anyone planning an overnight visit must arrange for accommodations in advance through the airline company.

- That "scuttlebutt" popular among servicemen in Alaska during the war, about the Japanese having better charts and maps of the Aleutians than the Navy had, is "a ridiculous report," according to Rear Admiral L. O. Colbert, director of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. "In all the Japanese equipment taken during and after the war, no one ever found a map or chart of Alaska or the Aleutian Islands," Admiral Colbert said in Seattle recently. "If they had had any they would not have moved into Kiska, one of the poorest excuses for a naval base they could have found."

- Chief of Police "Stormy" Harry Doran of Sitka was up against a poser recently. It's a long-established custom of the Sitka city jail to release prisoners at mealtime to eat at a nearby restaurant. There's little danger of jail breaks since a lone renegade



Ella Lake near Ketchikan, shown above as seen from the air, is "just another lake" among the hundreds, large and small, that nestle among the mountains of islands and mainland comprising Southeastern Alaska. Their clear, cold waters mirroring steep, wooded slopes, trout lurking in their depths and in their outlet streams, they would make idyllic locations for summer cottages and resorts. But money can't buy exclusive ownership of any part of these lakes. Within the Tongass National Forest, they are subject to private acquisition only through the laws governing forest lands. Because there are so many lakes, relatively inaccessible except by air, they remain in a primitive state and belong, in the last analysis, to the vacationers and fishermen who come to enjoy them.

U. S. Forest Service

In 1786 the French explorer Jean Francois de Galoup, Comte de La Perouse, who had fought for America during the Revolution, entered Lituya Bay on the Gulf of Alaska in quest of a northwest passage. He named it Port des Francais, and Yankee whalers long called it Frenchman's Bay. Enchanted by the beauty of the forest-rimmed bay with the glaciers spilling down from the high, ice-clad peaks at its head, La Perouse remained six weeks and made a survey which is still in use. But lurking tragedy struck when two of his boats, making soundings near the entrance, were caught in the swift ebb-tide current and twenty-one men were drowned. La Perouse erected a monument to them on a wooded island in the center of the bay, named it Cenotaph Island, and sailed sorrowfully away. No trace of the cenotaph remains, but the ghost of it hangs like a grim warning over all who enter Lituya Bay. Its mouth, shown below, is only eighty yards wide and neap tides flow in and out at a velocity of eight knots, increasing to twelve knots on the spring tides. Ebb currents running against the southwest swell cause devastating combers across the mouth. Entrance is safe on slack water, but once in, the small boat must avoid the ebb current or risk the fate of La Perouse's party.

Civil Aeronautics Authority





Ever since the abortive gold stampede to the Kobuk River region of Alaska in 1898, sourdoughs of the Arctic have known and told of large deposits of asbestos and jade in the upper Kobuk watershed. The Eskimos have had some source of these related minerals for hundreds of years, for both have been found in excavations of ancient village sites. In fact Shungnak Mountain and village bear the Eskimo name for jade. But the Kobuk region is remote, barren and seldom visited by white men, and fabulous tales of deposits other than gold excited no one in particular. During the war the demand for asbestos grew, however, and the Territorial Department of Mines and an Alaska mining company made examinations of asbestos and jade north of the Kobuk River. As a result the first commercial shipments of asbestos from Alaska were made in 1944. Both tremolite and chrysotile of high quality were found with large amounts of nephrite jade, some of gem quality, in outcroppings of ultrabasic rock intruded in schist and limestone. Shown at left is a sample of asbestos from Ing-In Mountain. Surveys of the area are yet far from exhaustive, but the Department of Mines pronounces it as "worthy of considerable prospecting."

Nooya Lake, in Rudyerd Bay northeast of Ketchikan, is frequently offered as a candidate for the title, "the world's most beautiful lake." But without establishing comparatives it is enough to remark that the beauty of Nooya Lake defies portrayal in words. Deep in a U-shaped trough excavated by a long-vanished glacier, Nooya Lake's blue waters reflect the bare, massive granite mountains at its head and the high, forest-clad ridges that slope precipitously from the purple granite to the salt-water bay. Land-locked by a mighty waterfall at its outlet, the lake has no fish except the increase from a stock of Dolly Varden trout planted by Casey Moran, sportsman and guide of Ketchikan, years ago. Some old-timers still call this scenic gem Lake Katherine because many years ago Bill "Handlogger" Jackson, who may have been the first white man to see it, gave it that name in honor of his sister-in-law. The name was never registered with the Bureau of Geographic Names, however, and later a party of Outsiders on the yacht Nooya visited the lake and registered the name Nooya in honor of the yacht.



couldn't get far on the rugged Baranof Island and the run-of-mill prisoner is content to board at the city's expense. One Sunday Chief Doran released the only prisoner, an Indian, for breakfast. An hour passed and he hadn't returned. Chief Doran went looking for him. Another hour passed. Chief Doran returned to the jail to find his prisoner entering. "Where have you been?" stormed Chief Stormy. "Me?" replied the prisoner, "Oh, I just went to church after breakfast."

● Captain Ellsworth L. West, veteran of Alaskan waters, whose story of far-North shipping experiences appeared in the August number of this magazine, died last April in Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Captain West, eighty-nine years old, was the last of Martha's Vineyard's intrepid old whaling skippers. He began whaling at seventeen, and was master of his own vessel eight years later. After the discovery of gold at Nome, he turned from whaling to shipping and operated a coast-wise service in the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean for more than a decade. Captain West is generally credited with making the first charts of Alaska's Inside Passage, and opening the first coal mine in Alaska.

● Man may get his chance to strike back at cubicoides, horrid little sucking insects called no-see-ums, that make life miserable for anyone who ventures into their territory without protection. Dr. Roger W. Williams, professor of medical entomology at Columbia University, and Mrs. Williams, his laboratory assistant, are spending the summer in the Valdez area prying into the life cycle of cubicoides, conditions favorable for its breeding and so forth. The objects of the study, sponsored by the U. S. Public Health Service, are reduction in numbers or complete extermination of the pest—a culmination that would gratify every human being in cubicoides-infested territory—and meanwhile, preparation against any possible epidemic transmitted by no-see-ums.

● People who live in the wilderness near Alaska's highways just aren't safe, according to Joe Balch, homesteader at Mile 34 on the Richardson Highway. It's not the savage beasts of the wilds that worry Balch, it's the trigger-happy motorists who stop to take pot-shots at beavers in a slough near his home. Balch feels the beavers aren't doing motorists any harm. In fact they're obliging enough to live near the highway and be an attraction, and they ought to have some consideration. Furthermore, Balch has a field under cultivation just beyond the beaver houses and directly in the line of fire, and he and his family don't

like bullets zinging past their ears while they're busy farming. Other homesteaders along the highways have complained of indiscriminate shooting by motorists. Said one, "Some fools with guns never stop to think that there might be more than trees in the woods."

● An unidentified GI at Nome owes his life to quick thinking and action on the part of Dr. Maxwell Kennedy, Nome's flyer-sportsman-dentist. Last June Dr. Kennedy was visiting at Marks Air Force base near Nome when he glanced toward the Snake River and saw the soldier floating downstream, and leaning over the rail, let one of his tire chains down as far as possible. As the ice cake floated under the bridge the soldier caught the chain, and with Dr. Kennedy's help pulled himself to safety. About two hundred yards below the bridge was an ice jam in which the soldier would undoubtedly have been drowned.

● If anyone kept records of halibut taken on sport tackle, Rud Bliss of Ketchikan would certainly find his recent catch close to the top of the list. Fishing with a party of seven other Ketchikan sportsmen across Clarence Straits last July, Bliss hooked "something big." He fought it for an hour and finally landed a halibut which weighed 139 pounds twelve ounces. Besides the huge halibut and the other bottom fish, the party's catch included fifteen king salmon weighing fifteen to thirty-eight pounds and eighteen large cohoes.

● Forest Service officials in Alaska are practically holding their combined breaths while waiting to see whether the dawn redwood will adapt itself to an Alaskan environment after some forty thousand years' absence. Fossil remains show that the giant dawn redwood, along with birch, beech, oak and chestnut, flourished in the forests of Alaska, Greenland and other Arctic climes. As the Arctic grew colder the dawn redwood migrated southward, and was believed to have died out entirely centuries ago. Hearing rumors that the supposedly extinct tree was abundant in certain wilderness areas of China, however, Professor Ralph W. Chaney, paleobotanist of the University of California, headed an expedition into bandit-infested territory and found it growing profusely in the Valley of the Tiger. The expedition returned with seeds which were germinated with tender care, and sixty young seedlings were shipped recently to Alaska for distribution to Forest Service offices in the Territory. According to Bill Lund, office manager at the Petersburg division headquarters, all fourteen of the infant giants received there are thriving in the mild climate of the Panhandle.

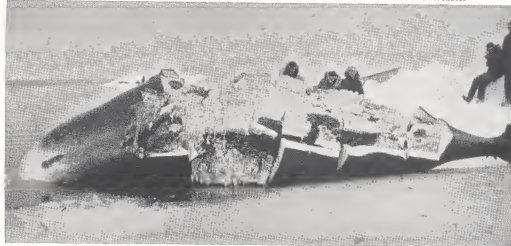
When Major "Muktuk" Marston, shown at right with Chief Peter Koonyak of Point Hope examining a baleen "brush," was assigned early in the war to the task of organizing Alaska Eskimos into the Territorial Guard, some persons said it was impossible. Others were dubious. But top Army brass agreed it was necessary to police Arctic and sub-Arctic shores against surprise attack and since only Eskimos were on hand they must be trained to do the job. Explorer, diplomat, showman, patriot, with vision and a sense of humor, Major Marston, now a Lieutenant Colonel, developed his own methods according to necessity. Often they were far from prescribed Army procedure, but he got results. In a year he had visited every Eskimo village in Alaska by plane, dog-sled, oomiak or foot, organized units of his "Tundra Army" in each, and won the respect and confidence of the Eskimos to such an extent that they called him Angiayokok, or Boss Man, and co-operated without question. So successful was he that some white men began to look upon him as a potential despot. But Marston's were not personal ambitions. He learned respect and admiration for his Eskimo irregulars and longed to make them a prosperous people. To that end he went into the little-explored Kobuk River region, hunted out the Jade Mountain of mysterious rumor and came back with a 165-pound slab of jadeite on his pack board. Visioning a prosperous jade-carving industry for the Eskimos, he sent a group in to stake Jade Mountain



while he went to San Francisco and ascertained that the jadeite was of excellent gem quality. But while he was gone there occurred a stampede to Jade Mountain and the Eskimos were able to stake only one claim. Marston's dream may come true, however, for jade deposits in the area appear to be extensive, and some of the Eskimos are already working with jade carving.

The baleen whales, largest living creatures in the world, are superlatively efficient mechanisms for the conversion of energy, for they achieve their tremendous size, strength and agility on an exclusive diet of planktonic organisms so small they must be filtered from the sea through a comb-like baleen structure with which the whale's mouth is equipped. This minute "whale feed"—copepods, pteropods, euphausiids and similar plankton—occurs abundantly in Arctic waters to the good fortune of shore-dwelling Eskimos, for it attracts and supports one of their most important food resources. Perhaps the Eskimos would find hunting easier if whales were somewhat smaller and less strong and energetic, and hence less difficult to capture. But once caught, killed and dragged onto the shore, even a middle-sized whale like the one shown below provides tons upon tons of edible meat and blubber. Even its baleen strainer is useful in making baskets and tools, and its giant ribs are ready-made rafters for the Eskimo's sod igloo.

Leland Webster





Genuine

NATIVE ARTCRAFT

Created by Eskimos of Diomedes, King and St. Lawrence Islands—Wales, Shishmaref and Nome. Carved Ivory Carvings, Native-Styled Moccasins and Mukluks

All types of Sport Fur Jackets and Parkas

Send for Illustrated Catalog

A. POLET
NOME, ALASKA

Clothes

that

Charm

REED'S

Anchorage, Alaska

Photographs of All Alaska

35mm KODACHROME SLIDES
16mm KODACHROME MOVIES
COLOR PRINTS AND BLACK
AND WHITE
WRITE US YOUR WANTS!



ORDWAY'S PHOTO SERVICE

BOX 2511 JUNEAU, ALASKA

OFF SEASON FOR BEARS

(Continued from page 17)

a tree well down the ridge for a return trip with pack straps in the morning, and even so, we reached the cabin late that evening so tired we could hardly get up the energy to cook two of the steaks we had brought down. Again I say, that Kodiak country is rough.

At five a. m., refreshed and very high in spirits, we struggled back up to carry the hide and some more meat down lower where we could easily pick it up on our return that night. Then we climbed up a mountain ridge that offered a good view of the surrounding country. Now and then we saw a few bear signs, but not until late afternoon did we see another bear. He was going through the snow a mile or so away, on another ridge parallel to ours. Off we went in pursuit, up and down gully or more. Luckily the wind was right, and we were able to keep behind ridge-tops most of the time. By increasingly careful advances we finally got within three hundred yards of him before he became suspicious. Then he started right toward us to investigate!

WE WAITED motionless. Soon he paused and raised up on his hind legs to get a good view. Then he came down and turned away. Both of us took aim and fired. The bullets sounded like baseballs hitting a tight canvas as they struck his side. Up he whirled, then down again toward us. Again we fired, though not in unison. The object now was a good shot, to get him before he got us.

Every few yards he would rise again. At the third round he turned to flee, and on the fourth he tumbled head over heels a couple of hundred yards down the slope which was particularly steep at this point. Obviously he was finished, and we raced after him in glee.

"A bear apiece!" I yelled. "That'll teach anyone to make fun of us!"

Never relax on a big-game hunt. Take no chances. An old rule, and a good one. We knew it, but rather naturally we assumed that all the firing, the clatter of the body rolling downhill and our shouting and running would have caused any other animal nearby to take off for quieter environs.

Well, they didn't. Just as we reached the carcass a section of the mountain rose not a hundred yards away. Were we startled! A second glance showed us a big she-bear standing on her hind legs, with three cubs imitating her. One paw she had raised to full height, and later measurements showed she was a little more than eleven feet from front to hind claws. So she did look rather large. Men-

sure eleven feet off on your wall sometime.

Moreover she was raging mad. I shall remember that tableau to my dying day. Her towering size, her red mouth and gleaming white teeth, that wrinkled nose and her angry, beady eyes. Even the three cubs, two of them standing the while, made a great impression on me. Although their coats were still predominantly a maltese gray their ruffs had turned from the earlier white to a red-brown, which indicated they were probably old enough to forage for themselves.

"Nevertheless," I thought, "I'd rather not have to kill her for fear they just might starve."

Brown felt the same way, so we crouched motionless in hope that she would lead her brood elsewhere. But she wasn't having it that way. No mistake about that. Down she dropped, a few steps forward, up again, those little eyes blazing, that nose furling even more deeply in anger. We thought of running to see whether she might go away then, but we felt sure she would kill us if we did. She was actually stalking us! On she came, slowly and menacingly.

"Well, pardner," drawled Brown as he threw a shell into his chamber, "hell is sure out for recess now!"

Fearing a sudden charge—we had recently heard true stories of how marvelously fast those bears can close in—we wished simultaneously for heavier guns and began shooting. We were nervous, naturally, and she was moving.

Up on her hind legs she rose, and we each got in a good shot. Then down again and forward. Phut! Phut! The bullets struck her side. The seconds grew short. She was within twenty-five yards and still coming. Brown began cursing. My throat went dry. If she had charged again, we agreed later, she doubtless would have got us or at least mangled us badly.

BUT our comparative motionlessness seemed to puzzle her, for after two more shots had struck her she turned suddenly and scampered down into a sharp gully, badly wounded. Her cubs dashed after her. Our dander was well up now, and anyway we were obligated to put her out of her misery.

Leaving Brownie to follow her to the rim where he could fire from above, I foolishly bounded down on the side of a small spur and ran around to get a level shot before she could make any great distance. But she had taken another direction and was much closer than I expected. Up she reared and started for me. In a matter of seconds I found myself backed up against an unscalable cliff about twenty feet high. Brownie put another shot into her, and she was all the more enraged.

With small chance of a shot doing any good, there was only one thing for me to do. I did it. I'll bet my fingernail and toe marks still show

on that little cliff! It was all automatic, even throwing the carbine strap over my shoulder. There was another shot from Brown as I scrambled up the cliff I'll bet no one could climb with a lesser stimulus, and at the top I somehow rolled over to administer the coup de grace—a mushroom bullet right into the base of her skull.

What had saved me was the fact that she had paused to swing at the cubs about her feet. Some old-timers claim that dying she-bears will usually do that, but if so it is probably because of the pain and blind rage rather than deliberation. She managed to get only one, but it was batted lifeless more than thirty feet away.

This time we reloaded carefully and waited to make sure no other bears were around before we approached her. There were two bullets in her head, three in her neck and five in her body. Our shooting had been good in spite of the excitement.

Next we tried to capture the two remaining cubs. They ran in circles about the hollow like motor scooters, and one finally made it up the far end and away. With the aid of some sticks and brush we cornered the other and finally did get him into a sack—for about three seconds. Then there was no sack. He had claws. We tried to tie his feet, but he had teeth. Then he broke loose and also vanished up the hillside. Both of them, we agreed, were quite capable of taking care of themselves.

It took us until seven that evening to skin both bears and the cub, and at twelve-thirty we were still two miles from the cabin with much rough traveling ahead. So we cached everything and staggered on for two more hours through the twilight. In spite of the elation of success I have never been so tired, before or since.

We slept late the next day, but by one o'clock the three big hides and the little hide of the cub were spread on the cabin roof and more bear steaks were cooking. The fourteen-mile row back to Uyak the following day seemed a cinch after our previous exertion, and we were able to look quite chipper as the boys scanned us in wonderment.

Yes, we got more bears than we had thought possible, but after looking that last one in the face at close range I felt that our greatest piece of luck was escape! —The End

WRONG TARGET!

(Continued from page 15)

and his kind some good.

But none of it will sink into some hunters until it gets close to home. Wait until it happens to some of their acquaintances or friends, and they'll put a piece of stickum-tape over the safety catch of their trigger and glue it shut. By the time they get it off maybe they'll be able to see what they're shooting.

Last year three hunters from Anchorage sat on the ground resting after their noon lunch. They were on a caribou hunt, having driven far north of the city then hiked beyond the reserved strip along the highway. The man in the middle, a young airplane pilot and mechanic, lay back for a nap from which he never awoke. Some other hunter on a distant hill-top mistook him for a caribou and shot him dead. His two companions were unharmed.

There was no jail sentence for criminal negligence in this case, but wouldn't you hate to go around haunted by a memory like that?

When the caribou season of 1948 opened, three Anchorage hunters hired pack horses and packed in sixteen miles behind Sheep Mountain on the Glenn Highway. In there one might easily have expected a little elbow room for hunting instead of the congestion the last few years have brought to the area bordering the highways. They were leading the horses along an open shale slope when one of the men got a bullet in the knee. A distant hunter thought the horse was a caribou, but his poor shooting took the legs out from under the man instead of the horse.

MAYBE the fellow who came out with only a broken knee was lucky, but wouldn't you hate to see him going down the street with crutches or a wooden leg and know that your own carelessness had done it? Maybe they wouldn't catch you, but you'd know. Maybe some soft-hearted jury would refrain from punishing you, but suppose the man or his family sued you for damages, and your pocketbook as well as your peace of mind would suffer for that one instant's recklessness.

The three pack horses escaped the caribou hunter in the preceding incident, but there was a time on the Kenai Peninsula when a bright sorrel pack horse was shot for a moose. The tenderfoot who shot it didn't even know there's no such thing as a sorrel moose. The sourdough who owned the horse had loved it like a member of his own family. In fact, like most sourdoughs, he had no family and that horse had taken the place of one in his affections.

If the offending hunter had not been hustled away by his companions while they tried to mollify the old-timer and pay for the horse, there might have been a dead hunter as well as a dead horse, for in those days justice was often meted out on the spot without benefit of judge or jury. And the remaining hunters barely escaped violence at the sourdough's hands for wanting to pay for the horse. They might as well have tried to pay the old man for the carcass of his own brother.

Last fall near Ketchikan an eighteen-year-old boy from Seattle, on a vacation cruise with the family of one

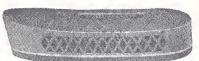
GOKEY BOTTE SAUVAGE

MADE IN U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850
Water-Proof, Genuine Fur-Membrane, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot, sure to quit on and take off in no time to catch, ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as a support.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original color logo. Write for literature or writing for mount, blank and Footwear Catalog.
GOKEY CO.
Dept. 2, 20 St. Paul, Minnesota



Pachmayr LO SWING Scope Mount

MOUNTS LOW ON RECEIVER
SWINGS TO THE SIDE INSTANTLY
FOR USE OF IRON SIGHTS
The Lo-Swing puts your scope where it should be—down on the receiver. In bad weather or if scope becomes temporarily unusable, "Swing It" to side for instant use of iron sights. Holds absolute zero setting... a precision made product through-out... UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.



PACHMAYR RECOIL PADS

FOR SHOTGUN OR RIFLE

THREE STYLES... TWO COLORS
... UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Write for Literature
PACHMAYR GUN WORKS
1220 So. Grand Ave. Los Angeles 15, Calif.

FANCY MINNESOTA

"Long Bow Brand"

WILD RICE

Packed in one pound packages

\$1.29 Postpaid

Please send postal money order for the amount wanted.

Minnesota Wild Rice Co.,

"In the Land of Lakes"
Hackensack, Minnesota

Be Lonely No More!

Open Destiny's Door

For bringing Cupid's Destiny, World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast names and addresses; either sex. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures—widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. (Year, bi-monthly, \$2.00) Mention your age.

DESTINY LEAGUE,

Aberdeen 14, Wash.

ALASKA

UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES

FACTS for those wanting business or domestic locations, homesteads, employment, tourist trips. Literature and personal letters. Easy close \$2.00 post cost and ask questions from one who knows Alaska from Barrow to Ketchikan.

Mrs. Belva King

Box 1425, Ketchikan, Alaska

Lyman 48 Sights

Lyman 48 Sights, superbly designed, accurately constructed for game and target shooting.

- 1/4 Minute Clicks
 - Positive Adjustments
 - Quick Slide Release
 - Stoyest Knobs for Hunting
- 48 Folder free, Catalog 10c



LYMAN 48 Sights for:

WINCHESTER 52, 54, 70
REMINGTON 30A, 305, 301, 721, 722
ENFIELD 1917 U.S., 1917 British
MAUSER all models
SPRINGFIELD 1903, M1, M2, .22 cal.,
.03 .30 cal.
Krag all models
BRITISH LEE ENFIELD and SPOTTER

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORP.

Middlefield, Conn., U. S. A.

MEN - WOMEN - KIDS!



Make the Front Page!
Be Famous!
**HAVE YOUR NAME
IN HEADLINES**
In Our Full Size Alaska Newspaper
Choice of **ANY THREE**
of the Following Papers with
YOUR NAME IN HEADLINES

Mailed to you or to 3
different addresses.
ALL FOR

\$1.00

AIRMAILED 25¢ EXTRA

NAME IN HEADLINE

- No. 1—ARRIVES IN ALASKA! Thousands Cheer, Etc., Etc.
- No. 2—ARRIVES IN ALASKA! Girls Squeal With Joy, Etc., Etc.
- No. 3—ARRIVES IN ALASKA! Liquor Stores Rejoice, Etc., Etc.
- No. 4—LEAVES ALASKA! Women Weep Openly, Etc., Etc.
- No. 5—LEAVES ALASKA! Local Police Relax, Etc., Etc.
- No. 6—LEAVES ALASKA! Bartenders Moura Loss of Old Friend, Etc., Etc.
- No. 7—STRANGLES 1400-LB. BEAR! Meat Shortage Believed, Etc., Etc.
- No. 8—BATTLES 16-FOOT SHARK! Monster Killed with Pocket Knife, Etc., Etc.
- No. 9—LANDS 9-LB. SALMON! Struggle Captures Boat, Etc., Etc.
- No. 10—KILLS 250-LB. MANKILLER WOLF! Old Two Toes Dies, Etc., Etc.
- No. 11—WINS ALASKAN DOG RACE! Breaks All Previous Records, Etc., Etc.
- No. 12—RETURNS FROM ALEUTIANS! Great Celebration Planned, Etc., Etc.
- No. 13—RESCUES INDIAN MAIDEN! Romance Buds, Etc., Etc.
- No. 14—SCALES MOUNT McKinley! Peak Reached in Record Time, Etc., Etc.
- No. 15—DISCOVERS FAMOUS LOST MINE! Unaffected by Sudden Wealth, Etc., Etc.
- No. 16—HEADS MANHUNT FOR DANGEROUS OUTLAW! Desperate Hunt! Etc., Etc.
- No. 17—BAGS RECORD BULL MOOSE! Animal Weighs in at 1600 lbs. Etc., Etc.

Get down numbers wanted and mail
with dollar bill for each three papers
selected, to:

(No Personal Checks)

HUSKY SPECIALTY SHOP

6th & C. St.

Box 902, Anchorage, Alaska



"For the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land,
because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in
the land - - - therefore shall the land mourn and every one that
dwelleth therein shall languish." —Hosea 4:1-3

El Nathan Children's Home
P.O. Box 206
Valdez, Alaska

(Distributors for American Bible Society)

WORDEN'S JET CAST BELT REEL

Creates new revolutionary method of casting that enables bucktails, wet flies, spinners, salmon eggs and minnows, to be cast with fly rods 100 to 150 feet. Jet Reels completely do away with back lashes, tangles and twisted lines. Why continue wasting your angling time with poor casting? The fault is not yours, it is your equipment. Buy a Jet Reel today and cast a salmon egg 100 to 150 feet tomorrow. Information, price and proof sent on request.

R. B. WORDEN

Box 410

GRANGER, WASH.

of his pals, was shot and killed when his host mistook him for a deer. They had been having a wonderful time cruising and fishing in Southeastern Alaska—a retired boat operator with his wife, his son, another couple and two of the son's chums. All three of the boys had been graduated from high school together the preceding June.

The host's son, his mother and the other boy had gone back home but the others were enjoying some more fishing. They were coming down the trail from one of the trout lakes near Ketchikan, the host in the lead with a .30-30 rifle and the boy in the rear. It was five days before the opening of the deer season. Not one of them was a resident of the Territory nor held a hunting license, nor was there a guide along. The gun was a legitimate protection in Grizzly bear territory, but they had agreed, according to the story told the jury, to shoot a deer if they saw it.

Suddenly they saw a flash of gray in the brush off to the side of the trail. The leader shot, broke through to see whether he had killed the deer, and got there in time for the boy to die in his arms.

Sure, the boy was foolish to cut through the brush ahead of the others when he knew they were looking for game. But what of the man? In our society, adults are supposed to function as protectors of the young from their youthful carelessness, as instructors in the ways of safety, as examples in sportsmanship and obedience to the law.

AFTER six months on bond the man was acquitted of negligent homicide charges and fined for game-law violations. You can pay for some crimes with money—this man paid \$400—but you can't pay cash for a human life. How could you face that boy's mother and tell her how sorry you are? How could you face your own son after you've killed his friend? How could you face your own life when you've taken the life of a boy through your own rashness? How much easier it would have been to make sure before pulling the trigger!

When grown men display evidence of such irresponsibility, the shooting accidents among boys are not surprising. The worst in Alaska recently was in Anchorage during the war years, when parents were employed long hours and children entertained themselves unsupervised. A schoolboy, the son of a painter, was shot and killed by his playmate. The boy who did it had sneaked his father's .22 rifle out of the house to play. Questioning revealed that the boys were close friends, and the shooting had been entirely accidental.

Near Ketchikan three years or so ago, one boy shot a playmate in the eye with a B-B gun. Just a couple of youngsters with a toy—but the one has lost the sight of one eye for life.

Another incident occurred at Seldo-



Solid
Walnut

GUNRACKS

AN IDEAL GIFT: Display your guns on a beautifully finished rack. This fine piece of furniture shipped knocked down, easily assembled. Screws for mounting included. If your dealer cannot supply, send remittance and we will ship post-paid.

2-gun Rack\$6.95 4-gun Rack\$8.95
3-gun Rack\$7.95 5-gun Rack\$9.95
One-gun and six-gun racks
made to order

(If Washington state resident include
3% sales tax.)

Northwest Sports Equipment Co.
307 Aurora Ave. Seattle, Wash.
—Dealer Inquiries Invited—



JADE EARRINGS

Mounting 1/20 12K Gold Filled
Airmailed for only \$16.50

Tax Included

ALASKA HANDCRAFTERS

Box 1891
Fairbanks, Alaska

TANNING

Furs, hides, skins of all kinds
hair on or hair off

—Also—

We carry a complete line of
tanned rabbit skins, calf, coyote,
lamb, muskrat, racoon, skunk,
wolf, wolverine (moose and elk
hair off) and all others. Immediate
delivery. Free price list.
Quick, efficient, reliable.

VALCAUDA FUR CO.
National Bldg. Seattle, Wash.

The best in the West,
by actual test

via less than a year ago, when the son of an airplane pilot, a child barely old enough to go to school, was shot almost fatally by a .22 rifle in the hands of an older boy. It was also accidental.

What, you ask, has this to do with hunting accidents? Only this: if boys were taught by their fathers to handle firearms properly, taking the rules of safety while they were still young and impressionable, there would be fewer hunting accidents among these boys when they grow up, fewer trigger-happy adults in the future.

Boys should be taught to respect all firearms for what they can do. Even a .22 rifle, light as it is, is a potentially deadly weapon. On a box of .22 cartridges you will find some such warning as, "These bullets are dangerous up to one mile," and the manufacturer isn't just bragging.

Yet you won't have to look long to find youngsters handling .22's as if they were popguns, and in almost any day's newspapers you can find reports of injuries or deaths as a result.

NOR are you in danger from such gun-toters only when you're in the line of fire. You will see boys, and even grown men who should know better, target-practicing on rocks, from which the bullet might easily ricochet and kill someone behind the shooter—or the shooter himself.

An Alaska big-game hunt has always been the daydream of the Stateside hunter. The non-resident hunters who come North to make those daydreams come true have been responsible sportsmen, accompanied, according to the laws of the Territory, by responsible guides. Consequently, although this was considered a rough frontier country, the irresponsible hunting accidents numerous in the States have been almost absent here in former years.

Alaskans patted themselves on the backs when they saw the hunting shirts and hats of lurid red the visitors brought North with them. The visitors were told condescendingly that they needn't fear being pot-shot targets in the Alaska, and that if they'd leave the loud clothing in the tent and wear something of neutral color they would stand a much better chance of stalking big-game. After all, game can be seen as easily as Stateside hunters can. Anything an Alaska guide hated was to have to drag a flaming red bonfire of a man along with him on the trail of an elusive, sharp-eyed animal.

Yes, Alaskans used to be smug about the safety of their hunting grounds. I know of almost no hunting accidents on record in former years. There were a couple in Southeastern Alaska. About twenty-five years ago, John Dunn of Ketchikan had bagged a deer. He was carrying it on his back across a log when his companion, seeing the deer but not the man under it, shot and killed him.

Another time, one member of a big-

SNOW-PROOF

Leather's
Best Friend



SNOW-PROOF was originally developed fifty years ago for snow-proofing hunters' and trappers' boots. It is now used everywhere for waterproofing, softening and preserving shoes, leather coats, gloves, belts, luggage, etc. Odorless, colorless, not sticky, money-back guarantee. Shoe, sporting goods or hardware dealers—or send 30¢ for 3½ oz. can, Dept. 21. The Snow-Proof Co. Livonia, N. Y.



Perfect lubrication. Complete, lasting protection from rust and corrosion for all guns and reels. Impervious to salt water and air. Will not evaporate, gum or get stringy.

Endorsed by leading sportsmen and gunsmiths. Just a little does it! 1 oz. applicator bottle lasts average sportsman year or more. At leading sporting goods and hardware stores — If your dealer can't supply, order direct. If not satisfied return unused portion for full refund.

FULCRUM OIL CO., 1150 Liberty St., Franklin, Pa.

TANNING

We now have
NEW YORK TANNING IN SEATTLE
32 years' experience—modern
methods, prompt service.

BEIRING SEA FUR DRESSES
1008 Western Ave. Seattle 4, Washington

—FOR—
Choice Meats
Particular Cooks
Go to The
Alaska Meat Co.
Ketchikan, Alaska



FREE!

FAMOUS
BLUE BOOK
CATALOG



DICE • CARDS

Perfect Dice, Magic Dice,
Magic Cards—READ THE
BACKS—Inks, Doubs,
Poker Chips, Gaming
Equipment, Dice Boxes,
Counter Games, Punch
boards. WRITE FOR
CATALOG TODAY.

K. C. CARD CO.

332 South Wabash, Chicago 5, Illinois

INDIAN SEED BEADS

Indian seed beads available in all colors.
Dealers write for price list and color card
—wholesale only.

INDIAN BEAD CO., P.O. Box 19
Gracie Station, N. Y. 28, N. Y.



GET THIS FAMOUS FILSON CRUISING COAT

Long-wearing, comfortable!
Thru Your Local Dealer

For a complete description
write to C. C. FILSON CO.
Maritime Bldg., Seattle 4, Wash.
Since 1897

DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Kidneymer. Write for free booklet telling of important effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men.

35 Years In Business
50,000 Satisfied Customers
THE NEWELL COMPANY
121 Clayton Sta., St. Louis 5, Mo.

FREE
BOOK

Marvelicious!



Get a Totem-ping box of your druggist today. Find out just how good chocolates can be! Hand-fashioned and hand dipped in smacker chocolate coatings. Fillers of choicest nuts, cordal cherries, English Toffee, plus caramel, nougat and creamed confections so fine in texture and so extra good you'll say: "They're Marvelicious!" Made only in Ketchikan... unsurpassed anywhere... the gift of gifts from Alaska! Order by mail if your druggist can't supply you. \$2.25 postpaid.

TOTEM CHOCOLATES
Box 2537 Ketchikan, Alaska

GUARANTEED EFFECTIVE



FLEXIBLE CAULKED STEEL SOLES
For wading
2 sizes for men.

IF NOT AT YOUR DEALERS
Send for circular and Information

"LION" GAFFS
3 Styles
No fishing kit is complete without one.
SAFE
RUGGED
LIGHTNING QUICK

O. A. NORLUND CO.,
Williamsport, Pa.

W. K. SPAULDING
Real Estate & Insurance
Ryus Bldg. Box 2144
KETCHIKAN

HUNT'S
NEWS and NOVELTIES
—for—
Magazine Subscriptions
Books of Reference or Fiction
Souvenirs
Ketchikan Alaska

game hunting party pulled up to shoot at a bear and another member of the party, who threw up his arm to point, got the bullet through his arm.

That last, at least, could be called a hunting accident, scarcely attributable to the criminal negligence which results in so many shootings and deaths.

But the war, which changed so many things, brought an influx of new residents to Alaska—men who had dreamed all their lives of hunting in Alaska. In a year's time they became residents and could hunt without guides.

Hadn't they always hunted Stateside? They knew how to hunt. You betcha they knew. They didn't need anyone to tell 'em anything. And although they had brought their red hats and shirts with them, a thing unheard of in the annals of Alaska big-game hunting began cropping up with increasing frequency each open season. The unheard-of thing was fatal hunting accidents—not self-inflicted but inflicted by one hunter upon another.

Alaskans have braved a lot of hazards in their history. The Arctic trails, the frigid glacial rivers, the blizzards, solitude, dangerous big-game. But in most of Alaska the dangers of pioneering have simmered down to the safeties of settled civilization, and now come the civilized settlers bringing with them one of the hazards of civilization—the swelling tide of hunting accidents.

Alaska stores are stocking and selling the red shirts and hats they have disdained for generations. But red isn't adequate protection from irresponsible hunters. Statistics gathered from more than five hundred shooting accidents in the States, fatal or otherwise, show that sixty-seven per cent of the victims were wearing red! If red won't protect you, what on earth will?

ALASKANS do not shrink from danger or they would not have become Alaskans. But this is your last frontier, too, hunters of America. One of the last places you've been able to go hunting without having a man stalk you while you were stalking big-game animals. In the States you've become so inured to it that cartoons in the fall issues of magazines depict the debacle of hunters shooting one another, the farmer's livestock, the dog and any passing cars or airplanes, and you chuckle with amusement. It's the other fellow who does such things, of course.

Now the plague is budding in Alaska, and now's the time to start nipping it. Alaska doesn't belong only to Alaskans. It's your daydream, Mr. Stateside hunter. Do you want to get shot when you finally get the time and money to make that trip to your last frontier? Or do you want to help get safety measures put through? One way is to make a lot of noise about it, the way I'm doing.

But don't take my word for it. Others have been making noise about it, too. In 1942, one of the leading outdoor magazines made a nationwide survey of the causes of hunting accidents. Data was gathered from game commissions, insurance companies and individual sources. The conclusion was that hunting accidents cannot be legislated away, that Americans resent any preaching or anything that limits their personal freedom. But the states that had cracked down on carelessness and negligence by severe penalties had reduced hunting accidents correspondingly.

The report of this survey concluded that there are crackpots whom no amount of instruction, preaching or horrible examples can change from careless and dangerous persons in the hunting field. The opinion was that there should be some way to revoke the licenses of such a man before he kills someone, and that there should have been some way to test him out before granting him a license.

THE magazine article advocated that youngsters should have instruction in handling light rifles. For it is in youth, it stated, that instruction will sink in. And instruction not only in the mechanics of the gun, but also in the rules of safety and respect for law. Thus accidents like the death of the girl on Mount Marathon and the boy near Ketchikan would have been prevented. That sergeant who killed the girl was a well-trained marksman, but untrained in caution and safety. That boat-operator who killed the boy was deliberately violating the law when he pulled the trigger.

The over-all picture of the licensing offices disclosed the fact that as soon as a man can prove he has been a resident of a state or territory for the required length of time, and can produce the required fee, a license is issued to him. He may be a fugitive from a mental institution, an ex-convict, half blind. The laws make no distinction. If he has the price, he gets the license.

It was conceded that it would be irksome to a responsible veteran sportsman to have to submit to such an aptitude test for a hunting license as the tests required in most states for a driver's license. But it would help weed out the careless ones and the ones ignorant of safety rules.

The unanimous opinion was that a license should be irrevocably revoked from a hunter who has injured anyone in the field, or of whom proof of carelessness has been shown, or who has been caught while under the influence of alcohol or narcotics.

Don't blame me for these harsh opinions. They have been offered by much wiser heads than mine in an attempt to control hunting accidents in the States. I'd hate it, myself, to have to take a rigid test to get my hunting license renewed. It would be a nuisance. But if it would help

save the life of some other hunter, or some person who likes a little exercise in the free outdoors, by keeping some careless hombre from obtaining a license, I'd consider it a small price for me to pay.

Some years ago two Ketchikan hunters were seeking deer in heavily-wooded country. They separated and shortly thereafter one of the hunters, unknown to the other, shot a buck, placed it on his back, and while walking toward the beach, endeavored to step over a

or so fishing boats moored to her side and a mile of net strung out astern. This net, it proved later, was of such a type that a salmon could not have been caught in it if it tried. It was a tangle net designed solely for taking king crabs. They were within their rights to catch the crabs wherever they found them, so long as it was beyond the three-mile limit. There were no international treaties for the protection of crab as there are for North Pacific halibut and the Pribilof seal herds.

The fact that they were the only ones who could profitably pack it, made king crab almost exclusively a Japanese product, which they exploited fully through the use of cheap labor. Between 1932 and 1940 they caught sixteen million king crabs in the P'ering Sea alone! In the five years of 1935 to 1939 the United States consumed 10,987,000 pounds of canned crab of which only 531,000 pounds, less than three per cent, was domestically canned. Japan furnished seventy-eight per cent, and the remaining nineteen per cent came from the Soviets.

The Japanese also put up cod, some salmon, fish meal and oil on board the floating canneries, but everything else was negligible compared to their king crab operations. They fished almost exclusively with tangle nets, which are practically useless for anything else but murderously efficient for catching king crabs.

They have always been famous for their skill as fishermen, and notorious for a total lack of conservation practices when fishing in or near other people's waters. This seems borne out by the fact that at the time of a U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service survey in 1940 and 1941, crabs taken in the Bering Sea where the Japanese had operated extensively, averaged several pounds smaller than those taken south of the Alaska Peninsula. No crabs taken in the exploratory operations in the Bering Sea weighed more than fourteen pounds, while fifteen-pounders and larger were not uncommon south of the Peninsula.

So in 1940 the American operators who packed salmon in the Bristol Bay area, a big shallow bight in the southeast corner of the Bering Sea, set up a howl that was heard in Washington. Coast Guard cutters began to hang around where the Japanese were operating, and a hard-boiled old wind-jammer master, captain J. E. Shields of Poughkeepsie, Washington, radioed from his four-masted schooner Sophie Christensen, cod-fishing in the Bering Sea, "Send me a dozen rifles and I'll blast these Japs clear back to Japan."

Things were beginning to get a bit touchy about then, so the floating canneries hauled their anchors and for obvious reasons haven't been back. They may look longingly toward the Bering Sea, but they probably won't venture past the "no trespassing"



Lee Ellis

Take your time when you squeeze that trigger! Maybe the patch of fur you see is on some other hunter's back.

windfall. As he did so, the other hunter saw the moving deer on his back, and shot and killed his partner.

No use yelling about a bad situation unless you can suggest some remedy. The suggestions I offer are those of experts. I'm only reiterating them and illustrating the need for some drastic action in the hope that I can help hammer them home before it's too late. Can't we stop this epidemic before it spreads across our Northern frontier?

—The End

WEALTH OF THE NORTHERN SEAS

(Continued from page 11)

Japanese cannery ship lying at anchor in the Bering Sea with half a dozen

GET THERE SOONER
—STAY LONGER



Fly by Clipper* to
ALASKA

• Alaska's game-filled forests are a hunter's paradise... streams are teeming with fish. Travel there in swift com-

fort by Flying Clipper—have more time there for fun.

Clippers fly daily between Seattle and Fairbanks. Daily service to Ketchikan and Juneau. Connections to Anchorage. Direct Clipper service to Nome. Call your Travel Agent or our nearest office for reservations.

**PAN AMERICAN
World Airways**

*Trade Mark, Pan American Airways, Inc.



Original Animal Call



Brings smartest wolves, coyotes, foxes, 'cats running! Shotgun range! Calls them two miles! Clarence Plant, Dayton, Washington, says: "I could hardly believe it when I saw the coyotes coming straight at me!"

New Low Price

Also Scent, Lures, Methods
S. V. HIGLEY, Burley, Idaho

The eyes of all America are focused on the artery of travel to Alaska. The world's most eagerly-eyed motorist attraction.

THE ALASKA HIGHWAY GUIDE with maps —JUST PUBLISHED—

Is just the publication you have been waiting for. At a price you can afford to pay. The Guide contains 15,000 fact-packed words of information for travelers, sportsmen and opportunity seekers dealing with 1949 travel facilities, opportunities, etc. Restrictions now removed to reveal complete details. The ONLY complete publication devoted to up-to-minute facts of America's Dream Road.

SPECIAL OFFER

Postpaid anywhere **\$1.00** M. O. or CASH

ALASKA HIGHWAY GUIDE

Drawer 142, North Battleford
Saskatchewan, Canada



Bill Blackford

Whoever first tasted a king crab, an ugly monster with six gnarled legs spreading five feet from tip to tip, was as brave as the first man to eat an oyster.

signs figuratively posted along the continental shelf.

Unlike Bill Blackford, Lowell Wakefield was born into the fishing business and has been in it all his life. His father, Lee H. Wakefield, who at one time operated eight salmon canneries and a herring reduction plant in Alaska, still takes an active interest in the work though he's seventy-four years old. Lowell's brother Howard now operates the herring plant at Port Wakefield on Kodiak Island, and a second brother, Laverne, is skipper of a herring seiner.

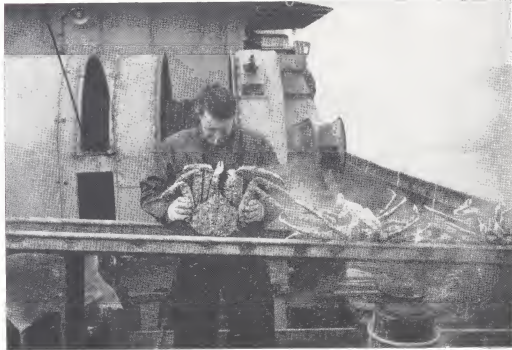
Lowell first became interested in

the king crabs when the Government survey boats began experimental fishing in the Kodiak area in 1940 and 1941. King crabs looked like a good proposition, so he took a 35-foot Kodiak-type seine boat, added a winch for hauling pots, tangle nets and other trawls, and went crab fishing himself.

Sometime around 1936 or '37, someone discovered what the Japanese had long known—that a bit of acetic acid, or just plain vinegar, would prevent the crab meat from turning black in the can. Wakefield put up five hundred cases the first season and it turned out "wonderful."

Only the legs and claws of large males are used. Females and undersized males are returned alive to the sea, and all residue is ground and sluiced overboard.

Bill Blackford



After his success in the Kodiak operations Lowell was ready to go crab fishing in a big way, but the war put a temporary stop to his plans. He didn't stop thinking about it, though, and by the war's end he had his plans laid out so thoroughly that he was able to file articles of incorporation, get an RFC loan and let the contract for construction of a ship two months after V-J Day.

A stock issue brought in \$300,000 from investors, and most of a \$375,000 loan came from the RFC. By the time she was delivered, the 140-foot Deep Sea had bitten a \$450,000 chunk out of the original capital, but she was some boat!

Lowell's idea was to have a vessel designed not only to catch crabs with maximum efficiency, but to reduce handling and processing to a minimum. The answer was deep freeze, and that's what the Deep Sea is—a sea-going freezing unit with 8,500 cubic feet of refrigerated space.

Though her hull is that of a true North Atlantic trawler, she is the only vessel of her kind in the world. But by the time Deep Sea Trawlers Incorporated gets most of the bugs knocked out of the king crab business, there will probably be a lot more like her dragging the northern seas. The Deep Sea is the only ship in existence today that is capable of performing all operations from bringing crab or fish out of the sea, to packaging it. When she unloads her catch of sea food it is ready for market, period.

THE Germans, faced with the same problems as Lowell Wakefield was, had just such a vessel as the Deep Sea—the Wesser, a steam trawler. After Germany's collapse, British Intelligence discovered the Wesser partly dismantled and rusting away in an obscure estuary. She had run the blockade during the greater part of World War II, trawled the North Atlantic for cod, processed, deep-froze and packaged her catch, then ran the blockade again into port. Therefore the Deep Sea is not the first of her kind, but she is the only one in operation today.

The odd coincidence is that Wakefield knew nothing whatever about the Wesser, but his problems were almost identical with those faced by the Germans—extended voyages in unfriendly seas, and the necessity to conserve precious cargo space. The result was two ships almost identical in size and purpose, half a world away, each totally ignorant of the other's existence.

The North Atlantic waters fished by the Wesser are no place for landlubbers, but giving due credit to her crew, the German ship never faced such a sea as the Bering. With the exception of an area around the west-

ern Aleutians, the Deep Sea's trawling grounds are beyond a doubt the most remote and stormy body of water in the world. The Bering Sea is ice-locked from November to April, and during the open season there are long periods of ugly weather. The skies are predominantly overcast and except on the rare days of sunshine it is a gloomy, depressing sea. Fog is dense and comes in cycles, being at its worst in the latter part of the summer. The Deep Sea doesn't worry much about fog, partly because she depends almost entirely upon electronic methods of navigation and partly because traffic up there is almost nonexistent. During the foggy season, however, the Bering Sea is remarkably free from storm.

NATURALLY, "bad weather" is a relative term, and what would be bad for dory fishing is not bad for purse seining, and what is bad for purse seining would not be bad for the Deep Sea. There are few days when the vessel cannot fish.

While the Deep Sea is, in hull, length and beam, almost identical with British, Dutch and French trawlers, she has vastly better equipment and accommodations. Most European trawlers are powered by steam. The Deep Sea carries a 1200 horsepower Diesel. Because her trips keep her at sea seven to eight months of the year, crew comfort is of utmost importance. She has accommodations for thirty-two men in eleven staterooms. The quarters are steam-heated, and ventilated by forced air. To prevent dampness, all walls exposed to the weather are insulated. The galley is equipped with the latest in conveniences, and the quality of the food is excellent. For the sake of crew morale, each member is flown to the States for a month's vacation at company expense at least once during the season.

The area in which the Deep Sea operates is roughly that bounded on the north by Kuskokwim Bay, on the west by the Pribilof Islands, to the south by the Alaska Peninsula, and Bristol Bay to the east. This southeast corner of the Bering Sea, some 40,000-odd square miles, is the finest trawlable water in the world. The depth of the undersea plateau averages about forty fathoms, and the bottom is of smooth sand or mud, free of rocks and weeds and teeming not only with king crabs but with bottom fish of many kinds, including gray cod, halibut, pollock, rock fish, sole, and shrimp and tanner crab.

These waters have been the scene of fishing operations of one kind or another ever since Vitus Bering discovered the sea and strait to the north, in 1728—and probably by na-



Bill Blackford
After the crabs are butchered, cooked and cooled, workmen break open the shells and shake out the meat, which goes down a conveyor through washing sprays.

tive peoples for centuries before. First there were the sealers, who took vast numbers of the Pribilof seals. Then came the whalers. But from the commercial fisherman's viewpoint the waters are relatively unknown and untouched, and the real wealth of the Bering Sea lies on or near its bottom.

Paradoxically, the only commercial fishing operators of any extent in the Bering today are two that differ vastly in method, but each efficient in its own way. The Deep Sea is one, the most modern of vessels, using the latest type of gear and equipment to perform its job—bringing bottom fish and crabs to the surface and preparing them for market.

The other operation is Captain

Shields' fifty-four-year-old three-masted cod-fishing schooner, C. A. Thayer, now on her last trip. Next year she will retire in favor of the Nordic Maid, a 400-ton motorship.

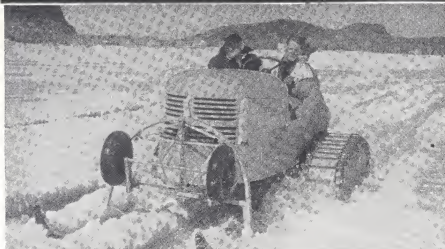
Except for a gasoline winch for hoisting anchor and sails and an electric lighting system, the Thayer is without power of any kind except that of her sails and her "Norwegian Steam," the powerful muscles of her Scandinavian crew.

The Thayer's fishermen operate away from the schooner in dories, hooking and bringing up the twelve-to-fifteen-pound cod on hand lines, a method of fishing thousands of years old. One concession is made to progress. Outboard motors drive the

The Deep Sea and the codfisher C. A. Thayer, shown below as they meet on the Bering Sea, represent vastly different fishing and processing methods, the one entirely modern, the other thousands of years old, each complete and efficient.



No Snow Too Deep - No Road Too Steep



Model 420 operating in fourteen inches of slush. Too heavy to walk in or for most vehicles to travel in.

Tucker SNO-CATS

Carry Men and Equipment to Isolated Places — Over Any Snow Condition!



Model 443 Utility Double Drive 8-passenger 3-door sedan, 95 H.P. Climbs grades to 65%



Sno-Cat's exclusive sliding pontoon. Sinks in less than a man on snowshoes.



Model 524 commercial 7-passenger 4-door sedan, 115 H.P. Climbs grades to 35%

- OVER DEEP COVERED ROADS
- ON STEEP SIDE SLOPES
- THROUGH WOODED AREAS
- THROUGH DEEP FRESH SNOW
- AND UP STEEP GRADES

The amazing Sno-Cat will reach isolated places in a few hours where normally it would take days of tedious travel by ski or snowshoe. The Sno-Cat's ability to haul pay loads over any depth or condition of snow, to climb steep grades and cross severe side slopes plus its economy of operation make it a "must have" for all types of outdoor industry in Alaska.

Here's What Users Say:

"The thing that has been the drawback in Alaska is winter transportation... the Sno-Cat is the answer. I haven't seen anything that will buck this snow up here but the Sno-Cat. Other snow vehicles are not to be relied on in this country. I have been up against the problem for 20 years and have had to mush dogs and snowshoes for too many miles not to see the qualities of the Sno-Cat. I know that the principle of the Sno-Cat is the only one that will work under all conditions that are encountered in Alaska."

Clifford B. Linehan
An Alaskan Musher

"... we are convinced by actual experience that the Tucker Sno-Cat will carry men and materials to isolated places over snow covered terrain with steeper slopes than is practical or possible with any other type of mechanical equipment with which we are familiar."

From Salt Lake Pipe Line Co.
Letter of March 8, 1968
(Subsidiary of Standard Oil
Company of California)

TUCKER SNO-CAT CORPORATION

Medford 1, Oregon

Please send me your descriptive folder on full line of Tucker Sno-Cats.

Name

Firm

Address

City State

Send for
FREE
Descriptive
Folder



dories. The Thayer's cod are dressed and put down in salt, processing of the catch being completed when it is unloaded at the home port in the fall.

No one goes over the side of the Deep Sea to fish. Everything is done from her decks by Diesel power. The otter trawl is lowered over the side and dragged along the bottom at a speed of about two and a half knots. An otter trawl, incidentally, is a bag-like affair made of netting, with an open mouth a hundred feet or more wide. This mouth is weighted at the bottom to make it seek the bed of the sea, and glass-ball floats at the top keep it open. "Otter boards" are rigged in such a manner that the pressure of the water, as the rig is dragged along the bottom, will spread the trawl doors and hold the mouth open. The trawl tapers behind its mouth, becoming a long, narrow bag to hold the catch.

As it moves across the bottom, the gear overtakes and captures everything it comes upon. After an hour and a half or so of dragging, the trawl is hauled on board and the crabs and other creatures it contains are dumped out on the deck. The females and the undersized males are thrown back into the sea.

THE next operation is to butcher the crabs, which is done with only three whacks of a cleaver apiece. Only the legs and claws are used. The body and other residue are ground up to prevent fouling of the bottom, then sluiced overboard. The Deep Sea carries home nothing but the meat. No waste material is allowed to take up any of the hold space.

After seventeen minutes of cooking in sea water, the crab legs are cooled by dipping into cold water. Then they pass down a conveyor where workmen break them open and shake out the meat. The meat goes on down another conveyor through washing sprays, and after an inspection to remove bits of shell and inedible parts, it is weighed and hand-packed in

WHAM-O SPORTSMAN™

WITS LIKE A LIZARD KILLS RABBITS, SQUIRRELS, Fur Hunting, Target, Hunting Pests.

\$1.00

A man's sport! Powerful, silent, accurate. Complete with 40 pellets and extra rubber straps. Send \$1.00 today to —
Wham-O Mfg. Co., Box 15, South Pasadena, Calif.
*PROFESSIONAL MODEL USED BY MEMBERS OF N.Y. SLEIGHT-OF-TRICK ASSN.



SPECIAL DIE - GUARANTEED QUALITY

MISSOUTS, Fast Working Flats...
PASSERS, Stronger Than Ever...
TOPS & BOTTOMS, Even Points...
TOPS, All Points (4 to 11)...
DOOR POPS, 7 or 11 Every Roll...
FAIR DICE TO MATCH...
FULL SET, Six Above Pair, \$5.00
Order now. Pay \$5 and postage when delivered. PRINT name and address.

CELO ART WORKS Box 71 Dept. 28-F
San Francisco, Calif.



A TASTE OF ALASKA

The Perfect Package for Holiday Giving

Here's a holiday gift that's both delicious and different . . . 16 different kinds of delectable, refreshing home-cooked jams, jellies and sauces made of Alaskan wild berries from the Kenai Peninsula... and gift-packed in fragrant, native spruce boughs and cones! A real taste treat from Alaska! Prepaid by air to the States; guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition.

● Holiday Combination

Gift Box No. 1

Truly a bargain gift—three 4-oz. jars of specially selected wild berry delicacies—Wild Rose Honey, Sourdough Sauce and Highbush Cranberry Jelly—and 3 lbs. (approx.) of clean, pungent spruce boughs covered with dozens of rich brown cones—ideal for holiday decorating.

\$5.40

● Sportsman's Pack

Gift Box No. 3

Especially made for the hunter or fisherman on your list—Tangy Spiced Blueberries, Lowbush Cranberry Sauce and 2 bottles of the popular Sourdough Sauce—delicious and unusual on any meat or fowl.

\$7.58

● Gold Nuggets

Gift Box No. 2

A gift to delight the most discriminating palate—an exclusive selection of choice jams and jellies made from the finest wild berries to be found in Alaska—nine 4 oz. jars—each different, each more delicious! **\$9.85**

● Homestead Strawberries

Gift Box No. 4

For those who are especially fond of old-fashioned Strawberry Preserves—3 full lb. jars of luscious homestead strawberry preserves—carefully cooked in small quantities to preserve all the original exquisite taste and color. **\$5.57**

● The 49th Star

Gift Box No. 5

Four generous sized jars including Wild Red Raspberry Jam, Highbush Cranberry Jelly, Wild Rose Honey and Wild Blueberry Jelly. **\$6.87**

For further details about the above gift boxes, write for descriptive folder.

Send check or money order with name, address and selections you wish sent. A gift card bearing your name will be enclosed. Please AIR MAIL your order to:

ALASKA WILD BERRY PRODUCTS

Ken and Hazel Heath
HOMER, ALASKA

PLEASE
SEND
ORDERS
AIR
MAIL



MAGIC FLOP DICE

Amuse your friends with these MAGIC FLOP DICE. Roll any number they call. Avoid making unwanted numbers. Do lots of other tricks as well. No skill needed. Complete instructions. All dice completely spotted. Full set (three pairs) — \$5.00

CITY CLUB SUPPLY
OAKLAND, CALIF.

P. O. Box 701, Dept. 38

PROSTATE IRRITATION

Affects Over 80% of

men above 40 and 45% of men between 20 and 40, causing restlessness—stiff joints—irritableness—listlessness—and many other relative conditions.

If you are one of these and haven't used the new Easy Massager (pat. applied for) for relief, you can't realize what you are missing. Write for Free circular to WAWASEE THERAPY CO., Box DGO, Syracuse, Ind.

ARE YOU LONELY?

Seeking New Friends? Let us help you through introductions by mail. Write for FREE LITERATURE on how we can help.

**REX CLUB, BOX 454-AS,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

A NIGHT IN SITKA

By Edith L. Richmond Thomas

Authentic tales of Alaskan pioneers—in verse. Poems that vibrate with the Spirit of Alaska. Price, \$2.95.

J. W. Robinson Co.
600 West 7th St.
Los Angeles, California



**\$3.50
F30 MIST
FEEP
SHOTS**

CLEAN KILLS!
Direct hits with a Merit Iris Shutter Eye Piece—Your choice of 12 "clicks" adjusted apertures "instantly changed" to suit your own vision "while aiming." Clean kills less wasted shells—perfect, clear definition immediately!

ASK for the Merit Color Catalog—FREE
MERIT IIR GUNSHOOT CO., Dept. 108
6144 Monandnock Way—Oakland 5, Calif.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Antique oil cup	\$.25 each
Carb near sight, new	1.00 "
Shot gun nipples	.25 "
Muskrat '98 book	.45 "
Flint pistol barrel, 8 inch	.75 "
Flints, Assorted, dozen	1.00 "

Prices DO NOT include postage
1949 catalog, 300 pages mailed in U. S. for 10 cents
New circular, 12 pages for 10 cents

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS
501 Broadway New York 12, N. Y.

freezing molds. The packing is done in such a manner that the normal expansion of freezing builds up a pressure that forces out any excess air.

The trays pass slowly down through vertical tunnels where they are blasted by air at a temperature of twenty-five degrees below zero Fahrenheit for two hours before dropping out at the bottom. A worker dips the trays into warm water to loosen the frozen product, then it is glazed with fresh water and cased for storage in holes held at a constant zero.

Only three and a half hours elapse between the time the crabs reach the decks of the Deep Sea and the time the meat gets to the end of the processing line.

During slack periods and on the trip home, the blocks of frozen meat are cut up into consumer size, re-glazed, wrapped in aluminum foil and packed in master cases. It is marketed under the label, "Wakefield's Ocean Frosted."

One variation of the standard processing method is freezing of whole legs in the shell without precooking, for the restaurant trade.

The public has had to be educated to the idea that there's such a delicacy as the king crab, but as the public learns, it shows up on the sales charts. Prices are necessarily high at present, but as the volume increases the cost of production will go down and prices with them. Ten thousand pounds of king crab a month are being distributed out of New York at present, and the sales are climbing, though not in any spectacular fashion.

One of the bugs the boys had to

\$5.00 Value!
Hufco Muklinks!
THE FINEST BOOT BARGAIN IN THE WORLD
only \$1.98
Payment With Order

Made to rigid military specifications! Completely adaptable to Hunting, snowshoe and ski travel in sub-zero weather! The most comfortable and the warmest boots you've ever worn. Rugged construction of tough, genuine elk hide with durable white canvas tops.

**Lightweight,
Odorless**

**2 PAIRS WOOL FELT
INNERSOLES WITH
EACH PAIR BOOTS.**

Send Check or
Money Order to

HUFCO STATION "S"

Box 597 • Los Angeles 3, Calif.

whip was that occasionally perfectly good meat would turn blue for no apparent reason. The discoloration didn't hurt the pack a bit, but it just didn't look good. There's no need to worry about that any more, because they've found out what the trouble was and remedied it with a secret method of their own discovery.

The first five weeks of fishing on the Deep Sea's maiden voyage brought up no crabs, and everyone was feeling pretty sick until they discovered that their other trawls were sliding along three feet above the bottom. They adjusted the gear and started catching crabs, only to find they were moulting and, having shed their shells, were not commercially usable.

They averaged only 55,000 pounds on the first three trips, and the first

year's operations, in 1947, showed a net loss of \$41,000.

The little-known habits of the crabs themselves are responsible to a great extent for the precariousness of the business. Except for information gained on the 1940-'41 expeditions of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and that learned the hard way by the Deep Sea Trawlers and other operators who have fished for king crabs, little is known about Paralithodes camtschatica. It is known that the Alaska king crab grows much faster than those caught in Japanese waters—probably one of the reasons the Japanese went so far from home to fish. A given area may yield enormous quantities of fish at one time, and none at all another time. Crab migrations seem to be related directly to

the moulting and mating seasons.

The crabs moult several times while young, and annually when they become adults. As far as is known, most male king crabs moult during the winter and early spring months. The sexes live generally apart until the moulting season of the females, when first the males and then the females move inshore where the sea shoals to fifteen or twenty fathoms. At the time of the moult, the crab sheds not only its entire outer shell, but all calcareous substances in the body—the lining of the mouth, esophagus, stomach, gills, tendons and parts of the intestines. The musculature degenerates and the crab becomes a flabby, shrunken mass—strictly a sad sack, commercially useless.

Mating takes place after the female moults. Then the schools disperse and leave the shallows, the males seeking deeper waters than the females.

Moulting does not take place simultaneously with all crabs. The farther westward along the Aleutian chain, the later seems to be the moulting season. Clams and other shell-fish found on the sea bottom are apparently their main source of food.

KING crabs may also be taken in conventional pots which have been altered to accommodate their larger size and peculiar habits. In the Bering Sea, however, it is not practical to use pots with such a vessel as the Deep Sea, although the operation is efficient enough for smaller craft.

A third method used is the tangle net, a large-meshed net weighted along its lower side with floats at the top. The weighted edge clings to the bottom, and the floats hold it upright making it, in effect, an underwater fence. Few females are caught in a tangle net, partly because of their smaller size and partly because they are less active than the male. The tangle net is, then, a more selective method of catching king crabs, but its efficiency is counteracted by the difficulty involved in removing the crabs from the meshes.

There's still a lot to be learned about the king-sized king crab and its habits, not to mention refinements in processing and marketing. The Bering Sea abounds with bottom fish that may in time supplement the crab operations during the moulting season. The Deep Sea is equipped to catch, fillet and freeze practically anything her trawl brings up. Later on, perhaps, when the vessel is driven from the Bering Sea by the winter ice pack, she may work the year around by shifting operations to the area south of the Alaska Peninsula and around Kodiak Island, where Lowell Wakefield got his start. She may even go westward and fish in the Bay of Islands, where Bill Blackford's boys caught a monster that got him started in a business that looks as if it's going places.

—The End

Alaska Oddities

by WIKSTRÖM



FARTHEST NORTH TO DEEPEST SOUTH!

THE FAIRBANKS HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM LAST YEAR FLEW TWELVE HUNDRED MILES (EQUIVALENT TO A FLIGHT FROM CHICAGO TO MIAMI) TO PLAY THE KETCHIKAN HIGH SCHOOL TEAM FOR THE ALL ALASKA BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP!



P.S. KETCHIKAN LOON 2 OUT OF 7



THE LATE EDWIN ROBERTSON, OF EAGLE, IN NEED OF A SET OF FALSE TEETH, MADE HIS OWN FROM THE TEETH OF MT. SHEEP, CARIBOU, BEAR, & RUBBER FROM AN OLD BOOT!

Deep South to Far North.



AFTER 2 YEARS & 15 DAYS, TWO ARGENTINE BROTHERS, PEDRO (AGE 21) AND CARLOS (20) ROBASALVO COASTED INTO FAIRBANKS ALASKA, FINISHING A BICYCLE TRIP FROM BUENOS AIRES, SOUTH AMERICA!!

Minimum charge \$1.50
Cash with order

URANIUM—Be on the alert. They're finding it all over the world. It may be in your own backyard. My book tells you where to look, how to identify, how to test without instruments. In fact tells you just about anything you want to know about uranium. \$1.00 postpaid. Money refunded if not satisfied. P. Ballard, 2104 Second, LaGrande, Oregon.

THOMPSON, J. H. Skunk, \$3.45 dozen, No. 1-xx.
Mustel. Mink, \$5.00 dozen, No. 1-xx.
Fox, \$5.20 dozen. No. 1-S (sweveled), \$5.20 dozen.
No. 2-xx, Beaver, Otter, \$6.00 dozen. No. 2-S.
Special sweveled Beaver snare, \$6.00 dozen. No. 1-xx.
3-xx, Coyote, \$7.25 dozen. No. 35 (special 8-foot Coyote), \$8.50 dozen. No. 4-xx, Cougar, small Bear, \$1.60 each. No. 5-xx, special Timber Wolf, \$1.90 each. No. 6-xx, Grizzly, etc., \$3.50 each. All Postpaid. Raymond Thompson Company, AS, 9700 Aurora Avenue, Seattle 3, Washington.

MOVING PICTURES OF ALASKA THAT GIVE PLEASURE AND INFORM

DELIGHTFUL MOTION PICTURES IN KODACHROME

Salmon in Slow Motion

This color film shows salmon jumping the falls at Naha River in Southeastern Alaska with the slow-motion gracefulness of birds flying through the air. Its many scenes show groups of ten to twenty salmon in the air leaping the falls at one time. 50-foot reel, 16 mm., \$10.00. 75-foot reel, 16mm., \$15.00. Total, 125 feet, \$22.00.



Black Bears in Color

We have some excellent copies of 16 mm. Kodachrome film picturing Black bears fishing salmon in Naha Falls, near Loring. This is available in any length at the rate of 20 cents a foot.

CHUM SALMON SPAWNING—28 feet of 16 mm. Kodachrome film showing several Chum salmon spawning in a shallow Southeastern Alaska stream. Unusual! Different! Price, \$5.50.

KENAI MOOSE—This Kodachrome subject shows moose in their natural haunts on Kenai Peninsula, wading through ponds, feeding, and traveling through the greatest moose country in the world. 200 feet in 16 mm. Kodachrome Price, \$45.00.

MOTION PICTURES IN BLACK AND WHITE

Black Bears Fishing For Salmon

This black and white 16 mm. subject pictures busy Black bears at Naha Falls. It is particularly interesting, having in some frames as many as five bears at once. The salmon falls at which they are fishing are very picturesque, and salmon are seen leaping into the air continually. The bears walk up to the falls, pick up salmon in their jaws and walk into the woods to eat them. Two reels of 100 feet each and one of 50 feet, totaling 250 feet available. Price, 10¢ per foot or \$20.00 for 250 feet.

Alaskan Adventures

The thrilling motion picture record of a journey deep into the Alaska wilderness in search of huge moose, elusive mountain sheep, and above all, giant, fierce Alaskan Brown bears. Against the beautiful scenic background of the "Last Frontier" you also see caribou; salmon; rivers freezing and breaking up; the cliff dwellers of remote King Island; smoldering, gigantic Mount Katmai; the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes; dogteams—in fact here is a picture that leaves little about Alaska to the imagination. Total footage, 800 feet, 16 mm. black and white, Price \$35.00.

Black and White Movies of the Far North

ALASKA—a travelogue, 375 feet, 16 mm. silent	\$10.50
ALASKA—a travelogue, 375 feet, 16 mm. sound	\$17.50
ALASKA—a travelogue, 200 feet, 8 mm. silent	\$ 7.00
BEACH MASTERS, Fur Seal of the Pribilofs, 400 feet, 16 mm. sound	\$25.00
GOLD RUSH MCKEY, Walt Disney Cartoon, 200 feet, 16 mm., sound	\$10.00
KINGS OF THE ARCTIC, Sea Lions, 375 feet, 16 mm., silent	\$10.50
KINGS OF THE ARCTIC, Sea Lions, 375 feet, 16 mm., sound	\$17.50
KINGS OF THE ARCTIC, Sea Lions, 200 feet, 8 mm., silent	\$ 7.00
ARCTIC THRILLS, Polar Bear hunt, 375 feet, 16 mm., silent	\$ 8.75
ARCTIC THRILLS, Polar Bear hunt, 375 feet, 16 mm., sound	\$17.50
ARCTIC THRILLS, Polar Bear hunt, 180 feet, 8 mm., silent	\$ 7.00
IN ESKIMO LAND, Eskimos in Alaska, 180 feet, 8 mm., silent	\$ 7.00
KENAI BIG GAME, Moose, etc., 375 feet, 16 mm., silent	\$10.50
KENAI BIG GAME, Moose, etc., 180 feet, 8 mm., silent	\$ 7.00

Kodachrome Slides

Write for free list of more than 400 representative Kodachromes of Alaska in 35 mm. Picked for excellence from among thousands of color pictures taken by some of Alaska's best Kodachrome photographers. Only 50¢ each! Moving picture film in Kodachrome and black and white also listed in this interesting circular. Motion picture and slide projectors for sale.

ALASKA FILM COMPANY

KETCHIKAN

BOX A-81

ALASKA

HENRY ERWICK

—MARINE HARDWARE—

Ketchikan, Alaska



Alaska Novelties

Alaska Map Tablecloths	\$3.75
Totem Pole Lighters	1.00
Moccasins Pins85
Totem Salt and Pepper Shakers, pr. ..	1.85
Alaska Souvenir Pillow Tops	1.25

—All Goods Sent Postpaid—

Billingsley's CURIO STORE

Ketchikan

Alaska

Sight-Seeing Flights—Photographic Flights
Fishing Trips

Air Taxi Service to Any Point in
SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

Flight Arrangements by Charter
or Fare Basis



"We Fly When You Want to Fly"
KETCHIKAN AIR SERVICE

Phone 71

BOUND FOR ALASKA?

Ride the Mt. McKinley
Park Route

through the
Heart of Scenic Alaska

o o o

A trip to America's last frontier demands that you travel the Alaska Railroad—a route that leads from the fjords of Seward to Fairbanks, 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle.

o o o

For Information Write:

United States

Department of the Interior

THE
ALASKA

RAILROAD

Anchorage, Alaska

Informative Alaska Books

Learn About "The Last Frontier" By
Reading Some of This Interesting
And Informative Literature

HERE IS ALASKA

by Evelyn Stefansson
Containing almost 100 photographs, most of them by the Alaska artist-photographer Frederick Macbetun, this book by the wife of Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson discusses Alaska's new strategic importance, what is going on in the Territory and what her people are like. Contains a chapter on the little-known Aleutian Islands.
Price \$2.75



HUNTING AND FISHING IN ALASKA

by Russell Annabel
Travel the trail to sports adventure with Russell Annabel, well-known guide from Alaska. In this book Annabel has recorded all the excitement, danger and humor that make hunting and fishing in Alaska a matchless experience. Price \$5.50

INTRODUCING ALASKA

by J. B. Caldwell
After extensive research work on Alaska during the past decade, J. B. Caldwell has written this thoughtful, factual presentation of a subject which is vitally important to the hundreds of thousands of Americans who will seek their futures in Alaska, as well as to countless thousands who will vacation there. Price \$3.75



100 EVENTS THAT BUILT ALASKA

Compiled by Louis R. Huber
This is a compilation of interesting facts about the past and present of "The Last Frontier." An Alaska Sportsman book, this features fifty pictures selected for their scenic beauty and historical value. It has interesting data from the discovery of the Territory in 1742 to the present.
Price \$4

OPPORTUNITY IN ALASKA

by George Sundborg
In a well-rounded discussion of the numerous opportunities Alaska offers to persons who wish to settle in her towns or country, George Sundborg has outlined its advantages and pointed out its drawbacks. How much land is available? What special advantages does serviceremen receive? What is the climate like? Both frank and fair, OPPORTUNITY IN ALASKA has answers to these and many other questions. It is invaluable to newcomers to the Territory. Price \$2.75



ALASKA NOW

by Herbert Hillscher
This best seller about Alaska gives excellent descriptions of Alaska cities as they are today. Published in 1949, ALASKA NOW provides the up-to-date information tourists and newcomers to the Territory will want to know. This is the Alaska story written by a real Alaskan who knows the country, its people and its problems first-hand.
Price \$3.00



UNCLE SAM'S ATTIC

by Mary Lee Davis
This old favorite was written by a woman who has pioneered Alaska as her forefathers pioneered Connecticut. She went to Alaska and stayed. "Because it made all the old stories come true! I felt like a contemporary ancestor."
Price \$3.50

A GUIDE TO ALASKA

by Merle Culby
This excellent book has proved its worth as a source of information about Alaska. It is the most inclusive and complete volume about Alaska. Liberally illustrated with photographs, A GUIDE TO ALASKA was first published in 1929 and has been reprinted nine times since—a fine tribute to its value. Price \$3.50



THE LURE OF ALASKA

by Harry A. Franck
This makes a perfect book for tourists, because it contains descriptions of the unusual, as well as the usual things they will see in Alaska. Not content with writing superficially of Alaska, Harry Franck has trout-fished, camped out and talked with Sourdoughs to get the "inside story."
Price \$3.50



ALASKA TODAY

by B. W. Denison
Published in 1949, this is the most up-to-date book on Alaska. Written in a snappy, fresh style, it contains facts on the present cost of living, homesteading, transportation and opportunities. Also a "Who's Who" of persons now prominent in Alaska. Price \$5.00

ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE PREPAID

Send Orders To:

THE ALASKA SPORTSMAN

Ketchikan — Alaska